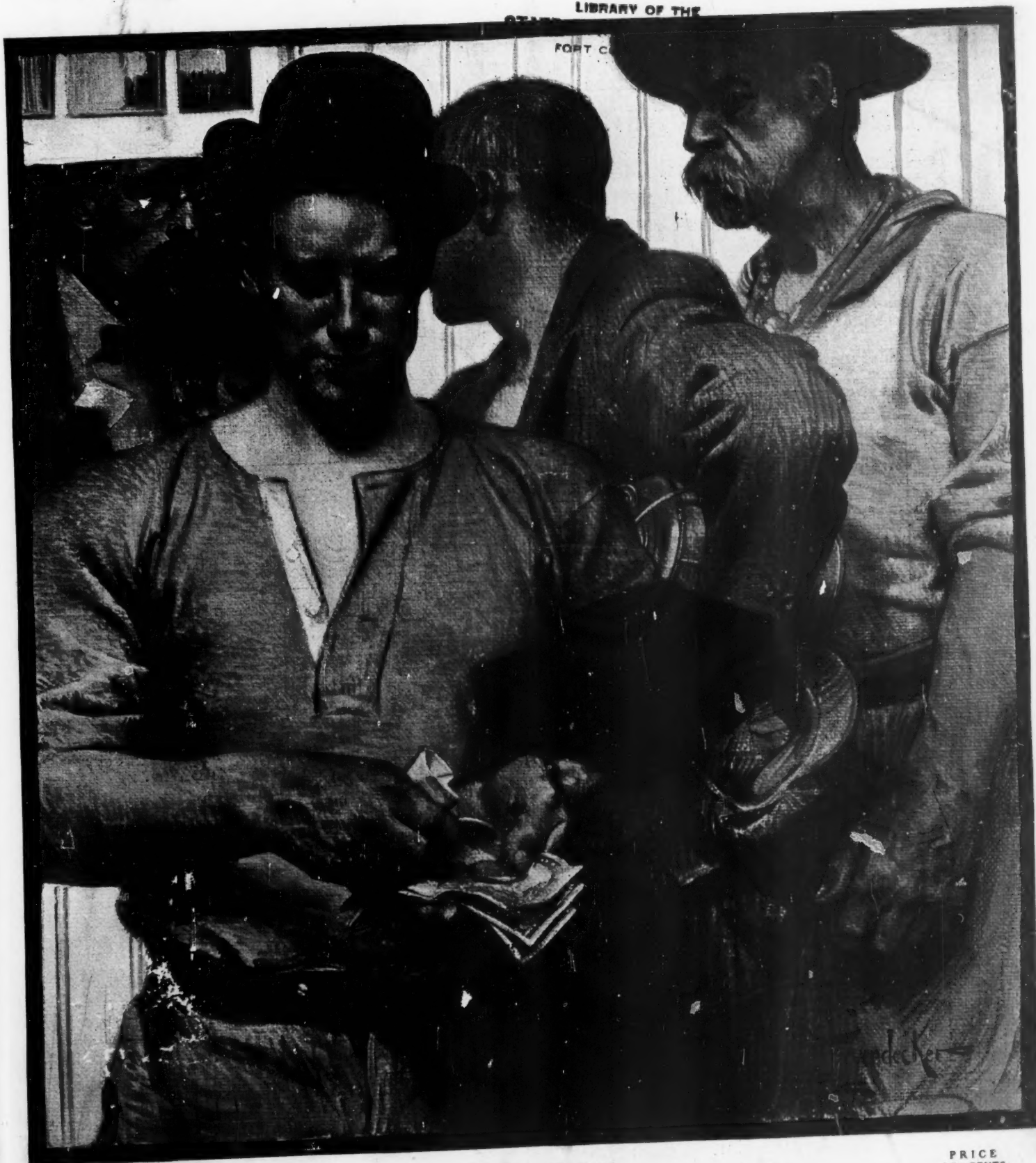


# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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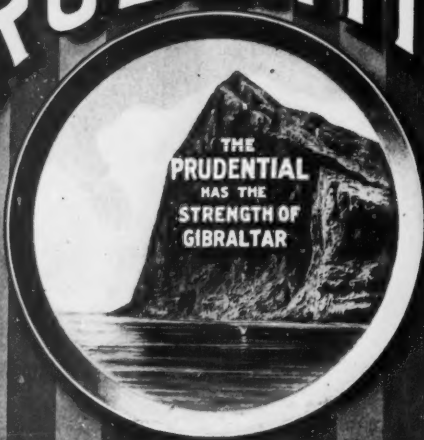


VOL XXXV No 1  
APRIL 1 1905

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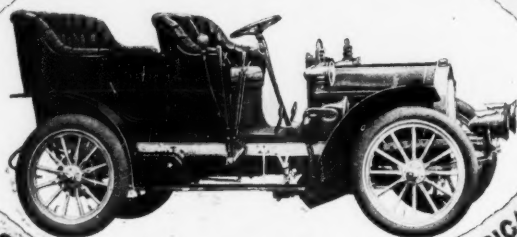
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I have never used Carrara Paint. Please send me FREE by return mail, prepaid, 50 Sample Colors and handsome booklet showing many buildings in colors just as they are painted with this great paint.

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

TWENTY- EIGHT PAGES

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Vol. XXXV No. 1

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905

\$5.20 per Year 100 per Copy

### CONTENTS

Cover Design. Pay Day . . . . .	Drawn by J. C. Leyendecker	Page
"Gentlemen, we are Ready." Cartoon . . . . .	Drawn by E. W. Kemble	5
Editorials . . . . .		6-7
The Irresistible Japanese Artillery. Full-Page Photograph . . . . .		8
What the World is Doing . . . . .	Illustrated with Photographs	9-10
War Work of Japanese Ladies . . . . .	The Marchioness Oyama	11
Busting Trusts in Kansas . . . . .	Arthur Ruhl	12
One Summer's Day. Story . . . . .	Maud Stepeny Rawson	13
	Illustrated by Karl Anderson	
Another View of Race Suicide . . . . .	A. B. Frost	14-15
	Double-Page Drawing	
Studies of a Strike . . . . .	Samuel H. Adams	17
	Illustrated by Everett Shinn	
Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine . . . . .	President Diaz of Mexico	18
Chicago's Struggle . . . . .	H. M. Ashton	19
Lincoln and the Social Problem . . . . .	W. J. Ghent	23



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## This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer."

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Washer" will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Washer" does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Washer" saves every week, for ten years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

Let me send you a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest



thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Washer," that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—

R. F. Bieber, 578 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 365 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card, now while you think of it.

## RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

BEGINS AN ARTICLE ON

## "Kits and Outfits"

IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for APRIL

BY SAYING:

"In this article I will try to describe outfits I have seen used in different parts of the world by travellers and explorers, and in different campaigns by army officers and war correspondents. My hope is that among the articles described the reader may learn of some new thing which, when he next goes hunting, fishing, or exploring, he can adapt to his own uses."

Mr. Davis has done just that. No sportsman should fail to read this article.

IN SCRIBNER'S FOR APRIL, PRICE 25 CTS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York

## Save the Buggy

Buggies are usually just *thrown away*—because they look bad—not because they are worn out. Now would you burn up your house because it looked "seedy" and the shingles were loose? No, you'd put on a new roof and new paint. Well, that's probably all your old buggy needs, to make it new. Why don't you fix it up and get the good of it, as long as there's any good in it?

Now it's our business to help you do just that. Our immense factory and warehouse are for your convenience and economy. We make to order and ship direct every part that goes into a complete buggy—tops, dashes, seats, cushions, spokes, wheels, axles, springs, braces, curtains—everything. Ours is the One-Profit Plan—"from us to you."

### Our Great Combination Offer:

Above is a picture of our "Cleveland A 1 Special" all rubber buggy top—guaranteed 26 oz. rubber, lined with all wool cloth—every part first-class. We make this top to order, and guarantee to fit. With it we furnish our Refinishing Outfit: enough high-grade carriage paint to repaint an entire buggy—in one, or two colors; full instructions and materials for removing old paint and applying new.

We ship this outfit, **express prepaid, on 30 days free trial**—at a mighty low price. Refinish your buggy—attach the top—use it for a whole month. Then, if not entirely satisfied—send back the top, at our expense, and we will make you a present of the paint. We are responsible. For further particulars, and for prices, color card, samples of trimmings, etc., write for our free book—"Old Buggies Made New." Do it now, it's the time to fix up your buggy for Spring.

**FREE POCKET BOOK:** To put a sample of the rubber used in our tops, into your hands, we will send you a pocket book, bill size, made of this rubber, also samples of the lining and paint color card,—for the name of one neighbor who needs a top, and your telling us how long you have used your buggy.

### Make a Closed Carriage out of Your Open Buggy



The Cleveland "Storm Defier"

Our "Cleveland Storm Defier" will do it for you, at small expense, and no inconvenience.

A Storm Front is like the "gun in Arizona"—you don't need it all the time, but you want it with you, because when you do need it, you need it "mighty bad." It's a comfort in fair weather with the "Storm Defier" under the seat, to feel "fixed" for the weather. Buggy riders of all classes are coming to look upon the "Defier" as an absolute necessity—no buggy complete without it.

It's easy to fix. You can put it on while sitting in the buggy—you don't have to get out in the rain to get protection from the rain.

It fits within the top, and is watertight. You can let down the window and use the storm front just as an apron, when you want to. The "Storm Defier" is made of the best of rubber.

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The United Factories Co.

Dept. 25

Cleveland, Ohio



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make walking healthful and delightful! They sheathe your walk through life with comfort. Heels of new rubber are economical. They make you energetic and feel young. There is only one kind of heel made of new rubber, O'Sullivan's. Order by the name or you may get worthless substitutes that cost you the same as O'Sullivan's; 50 cents attached. If dealer can't supply, send 35 cents and diagram of heel to O'Sullivan Rubber Co. Lowell, Mass.



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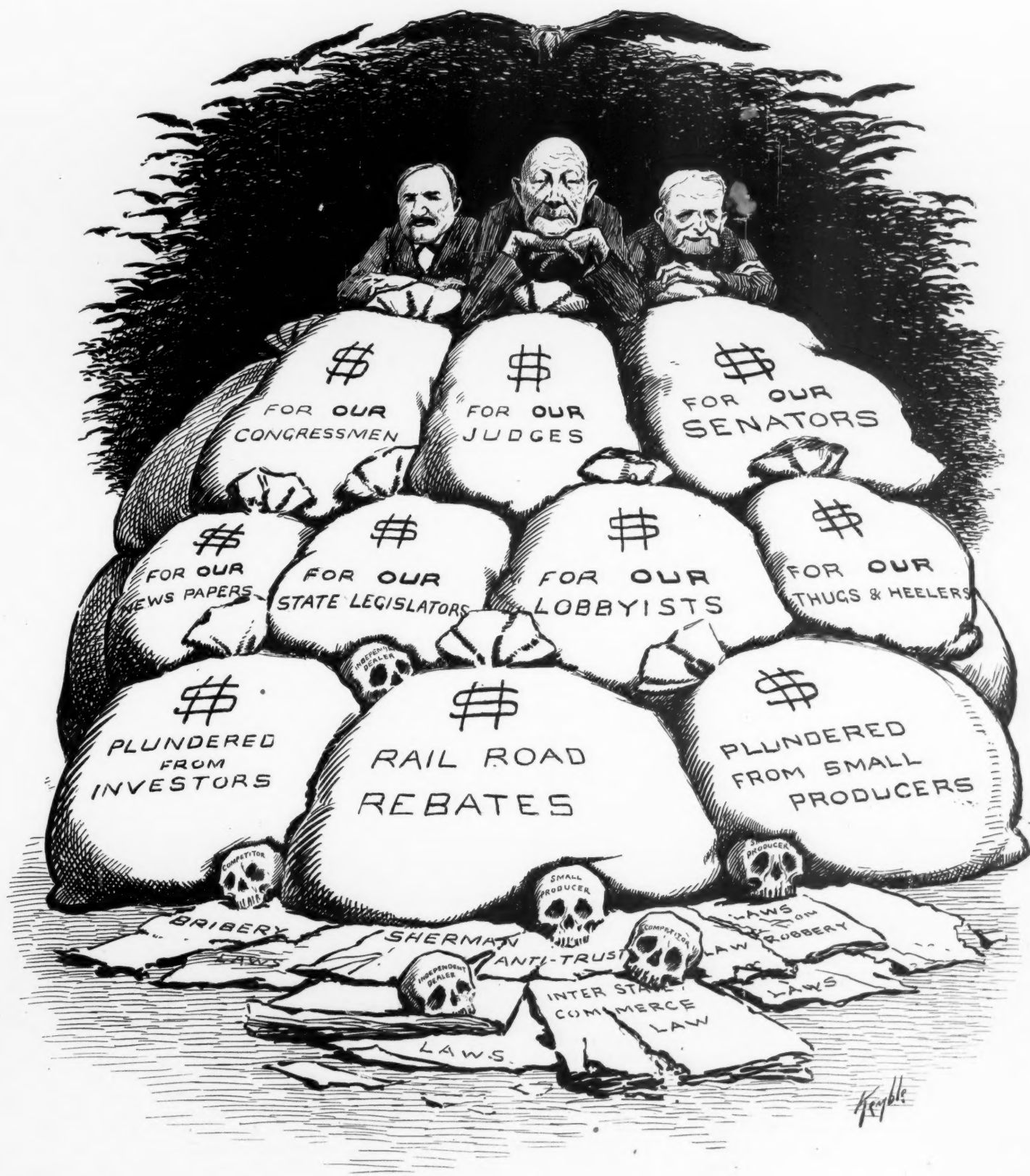
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309 Broadway, New York



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"GENTLEMEN, WE ARE READY"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



**ALL AMERICANS HAVE INDIGESTION.** Certain baking powders are thirty per cent ground rock. That is what we eat. Diseased beef gives us something worse than indigestion. Even peas have copper coloring. Living on poison can not strengthen us as a nation. When we quite realize this, the Senate and our State Legislatures may be forced to act. It is agreeable to get on in the world, and there is more profit in poisoned than in genuine food. If the Beef Trust fulfilled the laws of hygiene, perhaps it would be deprived of even that paltry two per cent. "So long," says Mr. GHENT, "as gelatine, timothy seed, and aniline remain at their present low prices, the supply of red raspberry jam is likely to be equal to all demands," and he quotes TENNYSON aptly:

NOURISHMENT  
FOR AMERICANS

"... Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

If all the farms in Ohio had maple orchards, they probably could not, in the opinion of the Dairy and Food Commissioner, supply the so-called maple sugar sold in that State. Most lemon extracts are made from coal-tar dyes. Butter is made over, into temporary salability, from what the Ohio reports call "stale, rancid, dirty, and unsalable butter in various degrees of putrefaction." Not one sample out of fifty analyzed in Ohio, in 1899, met the standard butter tests. Poisoned drugs are administered at the bedside. Adulterated milk furnishes the youthful body strength. At the annual meeting of the National Consumers League, about three weeks ago, it was pointed out that not only is flour frequently adulterated, but there are two mills, one in Ohio and one in Kansas, which turn out a certain grade of Indian corn flour used only to adulterate wheat flour. Adulteration and poison are a large part of the sustenance of every stage of life and every class. How long shall we endure it?

**SHOUTING FOR NEW LAWS** is always easier than enforcing old ones. That enforcement at present is more important than legislation applies to food poison as well as to most of our other difficulties. The power already possessed by State and City Boards of Health is sufficient to protect the people if it were fully used and also supported by public opinion. The Boards of Health in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Ohio publish monthly bulletins in which they print the names of the foods they have examined during the preceding month, with the results. If, in such States, the people care enough, they can secure a considerable degree of increased safety. In most States and cities, however, the boards do not begin to use their opportunities. Much of the improvement must come through aroused public interest—interest, that is, in actual work and attention, not merely in complaints to Legislatures. They have

BOARDS OF  
HEALTH

their sins, which should be drastically attended to, but the indifference of the people needs attention also. Some of the ministers, by the way, who prayed for Mayor WEAVER, a month or so ago, remembered to pray for themselves as equally concerned in the degradation of Philadelphia. It is a good principle to apply generally. Anybody can work effectively for local improvement, even though the HEYBURN Pure Food bill was killed in the United States Senate. Among the bad reasons for the Senate's action was one good one—the genuine doubt about the soundness of Dr. WILEY's views on whiskey. Sooner or later the national laws and the execution of them will be more satisfactory. Meantime, there is plenty to do for all of us near home.

**GOVERNMENT AS DISGRACEFUL** as that enjoyed by the State of Colorado is not often contemplated by countries which the world calls civilized. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to the people of each State a Republican form of government. It need not be Republican in substance. There is Pennsylvania, for example. But the form must be preserved.

COLORADO AND  
THE UNION

In Colorado not only is the will of the people despised, but the mere pretence of popular liberty was abandoned when strikers were seized by soldiers in the service of mine owners and taken out of the State by violence, without any cloak of law, without even the most perfunctory trial, the Courts being told to go to the devil by the combination of which the elements were the Governor, the mine owners, and the soldiers. The people submitted, puzzled by the balancing evil on the other side, but they expressed their disapproval by defeating PEABODY

for Governor. There may be a few Republicans who believe PEABODY was re-elected on an honest count, but we doubt if there are a dozen in the State. Some Republican papers, and some Republican legislators, even in Colorado, were honest enough to admit that ADAMS was elected. The Legislature calmly stole the Governorship. The PEABODY people were compelled to divide with another faction, and hence the deal with the Lieutenant-Governor. On our theory of government the people of Colorado must save themselves, if they wish to be saved. The nation can not interfere. Local responsibility is the basis of free government. It is the opposite of orderly autocracy, which diminishes certain irregularities at the expense of the individual's free initiative. Our system also acts as quarantine. It confines political diseases to their spot of origin, instead of allowing each one to spread across the country. That it is the best system, no believer in democracy can well doubt; but the entire collapse of free government, for the time being, in Colorado is a flagrant instance of how far from satisfactory any system is. Self-government can not be given by a system. It can only be made possible. In order to secure and preserve it, a community must stand higher morally than Colorado does at present.

**THE PRESIDENT HAS MADE** some appointments of significance in the West. He sent a representative to Chicago, to investigate the charges formally preferred against Judge KOHLSAAT, and then promoted him. The charges were based on alleged violations of the laws regulating appointments. Favoritism is supposed to have had free swing in Judge KOHLSAAT's court. Of course, whether he had done anything seriously illegal was an entirely different question, on which the decision was doubtless correct, but we do not enjoy the encouragement given to the personal favor system. The Judge is an amiable and hard-working man, who has done more than his share of the circuit duties while Judge GROSSCUP has been occupied with traction matters. Two additional judges were appointed for the Chicago circuit, and it was for Mr. ROOSEVELT to decide whether he would make sure of raising the standard of a demoralized bench or allow Senators CULLOM and HOPKINS to treat the court as so much pie. We are a trifle sick of the record of what goes on under one arrangement of Senatorial courtesy. Why not, by way of experiment, transfer the courtesy from the office-holder to the public? BETHEA has done fairly well as District-Attorney, and has rooted hard for CULLOM, which is his most conspicuous qualification for the office of United States Judge. The other new Judge is another political worker, KENESAW M. LANDIS, who qualified for the high judicial post by managing FRANK LOWDEN's campaign for the Governorship. Mr. ROOSEVELT has concocted a fine dose of harmony, no doubt, but he has not added, as he might have done, to his record for courage or unobtrusive usefulness.

PIE

**MR. ROOSEVELT IS LITTLE INTERESTED** in law, and seems to think the Bench a peculiarly fit place for taking care of disappointed politicians. Former Senators PRITCHARD of North Carolina and QUARLES of Wisconsin have been appointed to judge-ships, as have Congressmen PAGE MORRIS of Minnesota, ROBERT TAYLOR of Ohio, GEORGE F. RAY of New York, and ALTON G. DAYTON of West Virginia. Of the Senate oligarchy of five, two have already secured Bench posts for relatives, one for a son, the other for a brother. Some of the posts provided for politicians will doubtless be well filled. Senator COCKRELL, for instance, is likely to give satisfaction in his new judicial post. But, making all allowances, the President's record toward the law is not a brilliant one. MCKINLEY also used the Bench, more than he should have done, to take care of politicians. CLEVELAND was the best of our recent Presidents in this regard. He occasionally made mistakes, by trusting his own impressions and the opinions of his intimates rather than the general opinion of the Bar, but his motives were higher than those of either of his successors. Mr. ROOSEVELT ought to realize that progress toward purifying politics in this country depends very largely on the purity and ability of the Bench. We think he is too much influenced by the opinions of men whom he likes and by his own first impressions, and not serious enough about the best judicial standards. Political compromises could be made in some other field with less injury to the public.

POLITICS  
AND LAW

NEED  
FEAR





**VIOLENT PREJUDICE IS NOTICEABLE** in the West, as the reverse side of a patriotism peculiar to that region. It is rather singular that blind hostility to wealth should be stronger in the States where property is distributed than in the East, where contrasts of misery and opulence abound. Western farmers lent power to Mr. BRYAN by an angry belief that fifty per cent of their debts were more than "foreign" mortgagees deserved. They borrowed money, did less with it than they expected, and proceeded to hate the men from whom they borrowed. In the same spirit Western juries are habitually unjust to litigants who fail to live in their locality, especially if the outsider be a corporation. The State of Texas has dealt in some ways successfully with the railroad problem. It has practically abolished rebates.

MONEY AND  
THE WEST

But nobody pretends that a Texas jury will be guided by cold justice in passing on a railway accident. The sense of justice, in its more austere forms, is weak out West compared to the feelings of immediate humanity, which would give the poor man and the neighbor every advantage over the rich man and the outsider. It is fair to observe, however, that along with anti-corporation juries are to be discerned numerous corporation judges. The philosophy of election and short terms, which is in especial favor in the West, and which is intended to make the bench popular, makes it ignorant and venal. Legislatures and City Councils nearly always contain men who are bought to forward the schemes of their rich employers. If the West is virulent toward railroads and other corporations, the cause is to be found partly in undoubted corporation wickedness.

**A HUNDRED YEARS AGO**, on April 2, 1805, there was born the man who more than any other has given Denmark glory in the world of art. She has had great men, in every walk of life, but the only one whose fame has reached the four corners of the earth is the story-telling son of the poor cobbler of Odense. His hundred and fifty fairy tales are forever, as human history goes. For America, there are points of gossip interest in his life, apart from its important aspects. When he was old and poor, our school-children wished to send him money, but he wrote that Denmark, lacking as she was in wealth, would care for her own, adding, however, that of his "endless portion of joy" not the least part was that he "should live to see many of great America's loving children break open their money-boxes to share them with the old author whom they fancied to be in narrow circumstances." He was kept from visiting this country only by his unconquerable dread of seasickness—this dread being part of his extreme sensitiveness, his "woman's nature and child's soul." His

ANDERSEN

relation to women, literally, was slight; love played no conspicuous rôle in his career. His relation to children, also, was slight, much as he has meant to millions of them. When a sculptor represented him surrounded by listening children, he objected that anybody who knew him was aware that he could never have told tales with a pack of young Copenhageners clambering on his knees and shoulders. "Children alone can not represent me," he exclaimed. Perhaps his most warm and constant love was for flowers. "If I were to stick a peg into the ground," he said, "I believe it would grow." His craze for the theatre was so intense that when he was eight or ten years old he played truant to see the drama, and when he was too old to go he sat in his chair and murmured, "Now the curtain is about to rise." His love of life lies under what endears him to the world. "Oh," he exclaimed, old, half unconscious, and about to die, "how happy I am. How beautiful is the world." And ordinary people talk wistfully of "killing time!"

**JAPAN'S GREAT VICTORIES** have aroused everywhere reflections upon the future. Americans reflect upon possible trouble in the Philippines, and about our inability hereafter to treat Japanese immigration, should we so desire, as cavalierly as we treat the Chinese. We are beyond invasion, but we might receive a black

NEED WE  
FEAR JAPAN?

eye or two, and our manners toward the new power are likely to be improved by the possibility. It is not certain that the Japanese, with their new Asiatic fields of emigration, will wish to come here in numbers great enough to spread the alarm which is already felt on the Pacific Slope. Should we ever be forced to close the door to them, we might at the same time be forced to say good-by to trade in Asia. As far as actual fighting is concerned, it is to be remembered that

this is a patriotic war. Japan is fighting for her safety, and she might not fight so well over some detail of policy. The impulse of a great idea has brought the national power to its startling climax. When you take the mood of one Russian peasant, all apathy, and the mood of one Japanese, fiery with conviction, and multiply that by hundreds of thousands, you have a mighty force to estimate. It may well be doubted, especially with the growth of trade, Socialism, and other unwarlike influences in Japan, whether she would enter a future war with us, about some conflicting purpose, with anything like the patriotic fury of her present state.

**KUROKI WAS THE FAVORITE** with the foreign audience, when the land fighting was in its early stages. OYAMA will apparently be the most important figure of the war in history, but he is not so picturesque a figure to the popular imagination. NOGI is perhaps best fitted to arouse sympathetic interest. He is an old man, whose hair is white. When he had lost his two sons and his only nephew, he smiled, but when he thinks he is unobserved it is said that he bows his head and sobs. "God took my sons," he said, "in order that I might be better able to sympathize with my countrymen who are likewise bereft, and so that I may the better answer to the souls of the many brave men whom I am sending to their graves." He took Port Arthur, doing things that military experts agreed in advance were impossible. He then hurried north to take a central part in the bloodiest fight of modern history. Next to him, among the Japanese, in the personal nature of the interest which he inspires among foreigners, comes Togo, who has the naval glory to himself. What the Japanese think—the public or the army—of their officers, we do not know. They do not talk and criticise. They go ahead and do. Their generals will probably not write books or deliver lectures. On the Russian side criticism is so public that no general's fame in this war is free of doubt. STOESEL was first in incense for a moment. His final placing is for the future. KUROPATKIN's reputation has had its ups and downs, but the general opinion outside of Russia is that his accomplishments have been considerable, and that his failures have been due to obstacles that it would have taken a genius to surmount.

HEROES OF  
THE WAR

**PUNISHMENT IS NOT REVENGE.** It is at best a sad necessity. Most men who languish in jails have in them impulses for good which are more likely to be stifled or perverted by prison life and its sequence than to be uplifted. A brilliant and sometimes beautiful echo of the nobler results of punishment was heard in OSCAR WILDE's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." His "De Profundis," now first published, shows him, as always, self-conscious and artificial, studied and in the narrow sense artistic. But he has said deep things, some of them almost simple. The Greeks had said that even the gods could not alter the past. "CHRIST showed that the commonest sinner could do it." VERLAINE, the poet, for his wild freedom, lived in jail. Prince KROPOTKIN lived there, perhaps because he is "a man with the soul of that beautiful white CHRIST which seems coming out of Russia." WILDE emerged with a deeper feeling for what ST. FRANCIS of Assisi calls "my brother the sun, and my sister the wind," and also with a keener sense of the beautiful in moral truths. The poor often speak of one who is in prison as one who is "in trouble." Trouble is sorrow, and sorrow is infinite:

PRISON

"Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,  
And has the nature of infinity."

We are punished for what is evil in us, and also for what is good, and "it is quite right we should be." A few lines by GOETHE consoled that Queen of Prussia whom NAPOLEON sent to exile:

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the midnight hours  
Weeping and waiting for the morrow—  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

One of the sharpest of WILDE's conclusions is, "Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation." It is the supreme emotion of which man is capable. Were prison perfect it would give only sorrow. As now conducted it leaves hardness also. "The most terrible thing about it is not that it breaks one's heart—hearts are made to be broken—but that it turns one's heart to stone."

## THE IRRESISTIBLE JAPANESE ARTILLERY



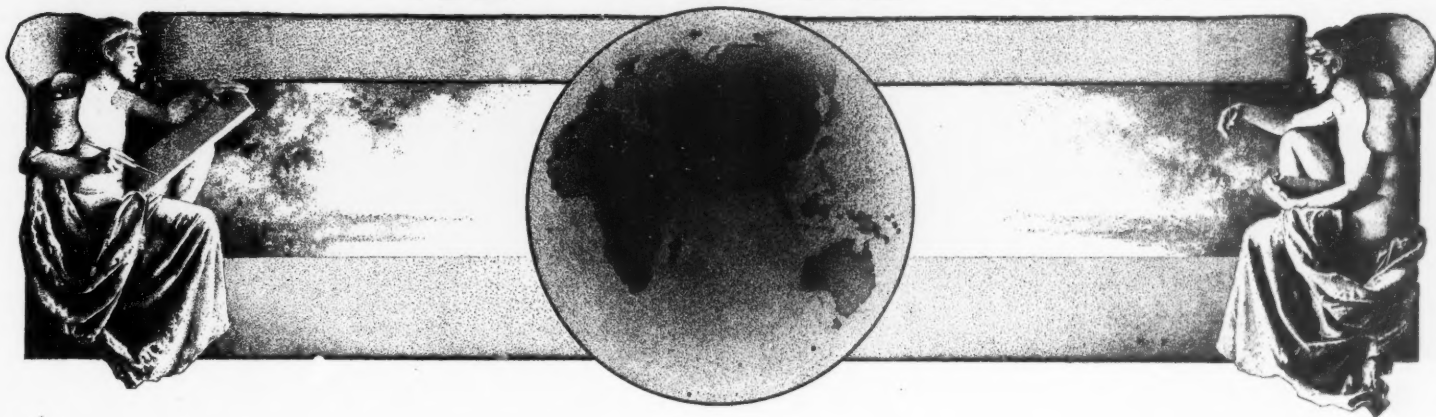
### A LANDSCAPE FURROWED BY THE PLOWSHARES OF WAR

The Russian catastrophe at Mukden was caused largely by the merciless hammering of the Japanese siege guns brought from Port Arthur. This remarkable photograph, taken just before the fall of that fortress, shows how these guns were worked from pits, protected by sand-bags and earthen embankments. The long scars on the faces of the hills, furrowed for the advancing parallels of the besieging army, exhibit better than any description the labor of war and its effect on the face of a landscape. The slopes are terraced by intrenchments, and there are miles of caves and galleries that do not show on the surface. The amount of work devoted to altering nature for the purposes of war would build an irrigation system that would make a vast arid region fertile, construct a line of railroad, or create a great commercial harbor. These guns were mounted, and these pits and trenches dug with the ground frozen to the consistency of rock. The region has the appearance of a mining camp in the Klondike—an appropriate parallel, for the search for gold is the only thing that compares with war as an incentive to unsparing work. As soon as General Nogi's forces had made themselves masters of Port Arthur the guns were shipped northward to the lines near Mukden, and there the operations were repeated.

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# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## STILL RETREATING

THE RUSSIAN STRONGHOLD at Tie Pass proved hardly even a momentary refuge for the harried army fleeing northward in a desperate race with the Japanese on its flanks and rear. To have stopped to hold the formidable fortifications built with so much care for such an emergency would have been to lose that race and let the enemy plant himself across the line of retreat. On March 14 a Siberian corps of General Linevitch's army, forming the Russian rearguard at the Fan River, eight miles south of Tie Pass, was sharply attacked by a smaller force of Japanese, which was repulsed with a loss of a thousand killed. But the next night General Kuropatkin ordered the evacuation of the Pass to avoid being flanked and the Japanese occupied the place after a vigorous fight. The Russians continued their retreat northward, fighting all the way. Three hundred miles lay between them and their next refuge at Harbin. The day after the abandonment of Tie Pass General Kuropatkin was ordered by a curt telegram from St. Petersburg to turn over the command of all the military and naval forces in the Far East to Lieutenant-General Linevitch, and the publication of this order without a word of mitigating compliment or explanation was taken as the official announcement of Kuropatkin's deep disgrace. The humiliated commander had been guilty of not performing impossibilities, but he had made such good use of poor materials that he had compelled the Japanese to take nearly a year in reaching a point that they might have reached in two months if they had been less ably opposed. General Linevitch immediately assumed the command and continued the retreat, which was the only thing that anybody could do.

## THE INTRACTABLE SENATE

THE SANTO DOMINGO mystery was solved on March 18 when Secretary Hay sailed for Naples in a state of physical collapse. The manifest absence of Mr. Hay's skilful touch in the conduct of the Dominican negotiations is now explained by the Secretary's illness, which left an opportunity for less delicate hands to bungle the management of the affair. On the day of Secretary Hay's departure the Senate adjourned, leaving the treaty in a state of suspended animation. This was the latest of a long series of snubs administered to the President by the Senate, and its significance is well understood at the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's energetic personality, backed by his unprecedented popular majority, has given the impression abroad that he is the American Government. This idea is not unknown even at home. The Senate is determined to give it a signal refutation. It feels that if it can successfully withstand the most powerful and the most popular President we have had since Grant (who also had his Santo Domingo troubles) its prerogatives will be safe against any of his successors. It has craftily selected its own battleground. If it chose to make a direct issue with Mr. Roosevelt on the question of regulating

The removal of General Kuropatkin in disgrace has been the confession of Russia's military failure. In the same week President Roosevelt has met defeat in his attempt to assume the guardianship of Santo Domingo. Secretary Taft has announced that the policy of the Administration is to hold the Philippines for at least a generation. A political deal has given Colorado a Governor who did not receive a single vote in the election

the trusts or the railroads it would find it hard to make head against the popular feeling that would be enlisted in his behalf. But there is no public sentiment in favor of the debt-collecting policy in tropical republics, and by making the breach on that point the Senate is able to try conclusions with the President alone.

## MISSOURI'S REPUBLICAN SENATOR

AFTER A DEADLOCK that lasted until the very last hour of the session the Missouri Senatorial contest ended on March 18 by the election of Major William Warner, Republican, on the sixty-seventh ballot. Niedringhaus, the original Republican caucus nominee, received one vote at the end. Until the closing day there had seemed a possibility that the Democrats might win Republican votes enough to re-elect Senator Cockrell, and much more

## WHAT WAR "LOSSES" REALLY MEAN

We read the report that 200,000 men were killed and wounded on both sides in the battle of Mukden without fully realizing what those awful figures mean. Here are a few aids to the imagination. Two hundred thousand casualties equal:

Three hundred Iroquois Theatre disasters.

A hundred and fifty Slocum disasters.

Eighty Johnstown floods.

Thirty Galveston floods.

The total population—men, women, and children—of a city like Minneapolis.

The population of the States of Idaho and Nevada combined.

The entire Boer population, of both sexes and all ages, of the two South African republics which resisted the whole power of the British Empire for over two years.

than a possibility that in default of this complete success they might prevent the election of any Senator at all. When it became evident that they were to be disappointed they tried to obstruct action by open riot. One State Senator attempted to drag the Speaker from his chair. The President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House both stood on top of the same desk and shouted for order. Members fought on the floor and the clock was smashed. The new Senator announced that he would go into office "with but one pledge—and that to the people." "In politics," he added, "I am a stalwart Republican and an admirer of the policy of President Roosevelt as far as it is announced." Major Warner is the first Republican Senator from Missouri since the close of the Reconstruction period. The Senatorship was such an unexpected prize that the sight of it almost disrupted the party, and few Republicans ventured to hope for the final agreement. As it was, the contest practically paralyzed the party's legislative majority.

## COLORADO'S LATEST DISGRACE

THE QUESTION whether more people voted for Adams or for Peabody for Governor of Colorado has finally been settled by giving the office to another man whom nobody voted for. The legislative investigation to determine which candidate had the greater number of fraudulent votes ended in a report unseating Adams and declaring Peabody elected. But although there was a heavy Republican majority in the Legislature

it could not be held solidly in favor of that decision. Ten Republican members—over one-seventh of the total party strength—voted for Adams, and the Peabody majority in joint convention was only ten instead of the normal Republican majority of thirty-five. Even this narrow preponderance was secured only by a bargain by which Peabody was to resign after his "vindication" and let the Lieutenant-Governor, Jesse F. McDonald, take his place. This scandalous arrangement was carried out the next day, March 17, and the abdication of republican government in Colorado was complete. There were undoubtedly shameless frauds on both sides in last November's election, but the methods adopted by the investigating committee gave no indication of a sincere purpose to unearth the truth about them. Instead of throwing out fraudulent votes alone the committee proposed to throw out whole Democratic precincts, one after another, until the Adams majority was nibbled away. The fact that this report could not command anything like the solid Republican strength in the Legislature seemed proof enough to impartial observers that the scheme to unseat Adams had no honest basis.

## BELlicosE VENEZUELA

AN UNEXPECTED DANGER menaces the United States. Our relations with Venezuela have become somewhat strained, and one of President Castro's advisers has recommended an invasion of the Mississippi Valley and the capture of New Orleans by a Venezuelan army 30,000

strong. He admits that transportation by sea would be difficult, but calls attention to the fact that there is land all the way, and that if his gallant countrymen keep on walking long enough they will eventually get here. Once within the boundaries of the United States they will have no further trouble, for they will have only traders to encounter, and "traders always will be traders, inept and cowardly in feats of heroism." Pending the conquest of the United States, President Castro is practicing on the European powers. He has pushed proceedings in his courts for the annulment of the French Cable Company's concession and the seizure of its property. The French Government has taken the matter up, and has officially invited the attention of the United States to its grievances. Not satisfied with French hostility Venezuela has seized the coal mines of Guanta Naricual, which an Italian company has been operating under a concession that still has twenty-six years to run. The Venezuelan Supreme Court has decided that the New York and Bermudez Asphalt

Company was an accomplice in the Matos revolution, and that therefore its property was justly subject to seizure.

#### OIL STRIKES IN CANADA

THE LIST OF THE RESOURCES of Northwestern Canada has been lengthened by the discovery of a rich oil field in southern Alberta. The hustling town of Oil City, the creation of a few weeks, is the objective of two new railroad lines, one



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LINEVITCH  
The new Russian commander in Manchuria

building by the Great Northern from the south and the other by the Canadian Northern from the north. This is in the southwestern corner of the Province, within five miles of the American boundary. Extravagant tales are told of the richness and extent of the field, which is said to cover the entire country north of Montana. The product is declared to be of the highest quality, and its capture forms a new task for the weary Titan of Standard Oil, already staggering under his burdens in Kansas and Texas.

#### ANCHORED FOR A GENERATION

AS A PRELIMINARY to his personally conducted Congressional excursion to the Philippines Secretary Taft has published a letter conveying his ideas about the proper policy of the Government with regard to the islands. Some recent utterances of his have been interpreted to mean that he would favor early independence. Mr. Taft now explains that "the policy of the Administration is the indefinite retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of developing the prosperity and the self-governing capacity of the Filipino people." This altruistic purpose rests on the conviction of the President and his advisers that the Filipinos are not now capable of self-government, and will not be for a long time—"certainly not for a generation, and probably not for a longer time than that," and that until they are ready for self-government it would be a violation of trust for the United States to abandon the islands. At the same time Mr. Hull, Chairman of the House Military Committee, warns us that unless we maintain a mighty navy in the Pacific we may have to fight Japan for the Philippine treasure within fifteen years. Mr. Taft intimates that if in the next generation the Filipinos, educated to a capacity for self-government, should demand independence, the American people would be willing to give it to them, but he thinks that when that time comes the demand will not be made. In any case the question of independence has been set at rest for this generation, provided President Roosevelt remains in power so long.

#### A COFFEE TAX AS A PROBLEM-SOLVER

INGENIOUS MEMBERS of the House Committee on Ways and Means and the Senate Finance Committee have thought of a way of helping the country to support an \$818,000,000 Congress, and at the same time to salve tender consciences disturbed by our disregard for the welfare of our dependencies. Better still, it is something that not only would not

repel any powerful financial and voting interest, but would give such interests warm satisfaction. The idea is to impose a duty on coffee, with an exemption in favor of the products of our tropical colonies. This would restore the prosperity of Porto Rico and assuage the demand for free trade in Philippine sugar and tobacco. At the same time it would help to divert the energies of all our island peoples from the cultivation of things that compete with the fragrant leaf of Connecticut and the saccharine beet of Nebraska to that of a product which not even the indefatigable Department of Agriculture has proposed to raise in commercial quantities in the continental United States. Also, it would provide millions of revenue for battleships, post-offices, dredging creeks, and Congressional mileage. Thus far the plan seems flawless and no argument has been suggested against it except that it would make the ordinary citizen pay more for his breakfast.

#### THE BRYAN PRESCRIPTION

MR. BRYAN has launched his plan of Democratic reorganization, but those who expected it to include a ready-made party creed will be disappointed. The scheme is not really controversial at all. It could be heartily accepted by the followers of Cleveland, Hill, and Gorman. All Mr. Bryan proposes is simply that every Democrat shall attend the primaries and "use his influence to secure a clear, honest, and straightforward declaration of the party's position on every question upon which the voters of the party desire to speak." He expressly disclaims any desire to write a platform in advance of the primaries, although he does venture to hint a prejudice in favor of the purification of politics. On all other matters he modestly awaits the popular verdict. When that verdict has been rendered he will make up his mind whether to accept it or not. His proposition, he remarks, "does not mean that those who exert themselves to secure a good platform will be bound to support a bad platform; that is a question which each must determine for himself."

#### FOR A MODEL CAPITAL

AN EPOCH in the artistic development of Washington, and of all American cities, began on March 14 when President Roosevelt issued an order requiring the plans and location of all new public buildings to be submitted for approval to an advisory board, consisting of Messrs. Bernard K. Green, Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. In effect this means the adoption of the Burnham Commission's plan for the symmetrical development of the capital. This splendid scheme has been systematically flouted by politicians in office. The Secretary of Agriculture was determined to put the costly new building of his department in a position in which it would ruin one of the most



CHARLES W. ANDERSON  
The new colored Collector of Internal Revenue at New York

important features of the commission's design. Hereafter no official will be allowed to mar the splendid creation of a picture-city for the sake of his stupid notions of convenience. In time Wash-

ington will have superb masses of public buildings, each setting off the beauty of all the rest, and the whole serving as a university of municipal art for all the city-builders of America. The work will not be done, however, without storm and stress. The President prudently withheld his order until after the adjournment of Congress, but already there are rumblings of trouble to come in the next session under the leadership of Speaker Cannon, the Goliath of Philistia. It is hinted that the distinguished art experts who have been asked to contribute their advice to our impoverished Government without pay form an "architects' trust."

#### NEW YORK'S LOST OPPORTUNITIES

THE COMMITTEE ON CIVIC CENTRES of the New York Municipal Art Society has just issued a report that furnishes an appropriate companion piece to President Roosevelt's order. In Washington, thanks to the prophetic imagination of L'Enfant,



EX-SENATOR FRANK J. CANNON  
Excommunicated from the Mormon Church for insubordinate editorials

civic beauty is a fact—it needs only to be preserved and developed. In New York it is an aspiration. The tale of lost opportunities told in this report is simply harrowing. New York, the Art Society's committee asserts, would be "the most dignified and imposing city on earth" in respect to its public buildings if these were effectively grouped. As it is, it has "not one single civic centre or group of buildings worthy the name." It excels all other cities in the world in the value of its public property. The real estate used for public purposes and exempt from taxation reaches the enormous total of \$970,567,904—about \$75,000,000 more than the national debt of the United States—and this does not include the churches, which properly should have their place in any great civic picture. With such resources it might have been more than an American Paris, for Paris itself, as the report reminds us, was "the dirtiest and most poorly housed city on the Continent, a byword and a reproach," until Napoleon took it in hand. Now the French capital is the world's model in civic design, while no city in Europe has produced so little architectural effect as New York in its municipal buildings, and "few American cities have been so blind to possibilities for realizing beauty." For the imposing grouping of the buildings that New York must have in the next few years the committee proposes plans which, if carried out, would remove this reproach, and put the metropolis abreast of Washington and Cleveland among the leaders in the new movement for civic adornment.

#### POLICYHOLDERS TO VOTE

THE EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE WAR reached a new stage on March 14 when the Hyde and Alexander forces agreed to a compromise by which the stockholders were to elect twenty-four and the policyholders twenty-eight of the fifty-two directors. While this nominally transfers the control to the policyholders, it leaves the owners of the stock in a position of advantage from which it would take very exceptional circumstances to dis-



lodge them. The Equitable's directors are elected by classes, the board of fifty-two being divided into four groups of thirteen each. One group is renewed each year. Under the new plan six directors will be elected annually by the stockholders and seven by the policyholders. Thus it will take at least four years for the Hyde faction to lose its present control, and if in that time it can secure the election of three of its friends among the twenty-eight chosen by the policyholders it will not be ousted at all. Nevertheless a way has been opened by which in case of urgent need the real owners of the company can secure command of their huge property. Under the new plan the Equitable, like its great rivals, will have the appearance of a democratic organization. In all of them, of course, the actual

power will remain in a few hands until the present methods of corporate voting are radically improved.

#### THE MORMON REVIVAL

THE QUESTION of secular or parochial schools is not the only religious difficulty confronting the new provinces of the Canadian Northwest. That region, like the United States and Mexico, has its Mormon problem. Within the past five years thousands of Mormons have migrated to Alberta from the United States and Europe, and one-third of them are said to be polygamists. Prosecutions have been begun against a number of these people at Raymond, with the avowed intention of making them give up polygamy or leave the country.

The Mormon element is so numerous that it is expected to control two seats in the Alberta Legislature, and the experience of Idaho shows what may be expected when the Saints once get into politics. In Utah the church is displaying an arrogance that recalls the days of Brigham Young. Ex-Senator Cannon was formally excommunicated on March 14 because he had criticised the hierarchy in newspaper editorials, and no opportunity was allowed him to prove the truth of his assertions. On the same day charges were filed against a Mormon merchant who had been guilty of "rebellious utterances" in the way of demands that the church retire from its political domination of the State and from commercialism, and that its authorities give an accounting of the money they had handled.

## WAR WORK OF JAPANESE LADIES

BY THE MARCHIONESS OYAMA, WIFE OF THE VICTOR OF MUKDEN

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR I have hardly had time even to look after my household, so occupied has been my time, in connection with many societies and organizations directly concerned with this war. Of course, the foremost among them is the Red Cross Society. In connection with this is the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, of which I am a director. The object of the society is implied in its name, but aside from that we make bandages and the "first aids" after the most approved methods. We have made tens of thousands of rolled bandages, and fifteen thousand of the first aids, and we are still making them. The society includes the ladies of our highest class downward—the imperial princesses, the women of our nobility, etc. You can not realize how earnest the ladies of our upper classes are unless you know their life intimately. They who never dressed themselves without maids waiting on them, they who never held in their hands anything heavier than their handkerchiefs, they who never went outside of their houses without two or three attendants, all come alone to the hospital with their little lunch baskets and their bundles containing their nurse's uniforms. I go to the hospital three or four times a week from eight in the morning till half-past five in the afternoon. At night I get so tired on my hospital days that I am good for nothing but to read the war news and be waited upon by my daughter—though she too goes to the hospital and does her share of work, but not as often as myself.

Another association of which I am a director is the Ladies' Patriotic Association, the object of which is the care of the orphans and widows of those who fall at the front, and also that of the disabled soldiers. Another similar organization is the Ladies' Relief Society, which looks after the families of soldiers in general. As some of them are in a very destitute condition, you can imagine the work we have to do. Sometimes we provide them with work suited to their capacities, some we supply with food and fuel, others with clothes, still others with medicine or medical attendance, even some with midwives.

#### No Idle Hands in Japan

There are many other societies of which I am a member, but too many to mention. Only a few days ago I was asked to become an active member of an association which is trying to get up a volunteer fleet. As I am interested in any scheme which helps on this war, I readily consented, and expect to begin work soon. So you see my hands are full. But I am not the only one—every one is busy in Japan, even the young people. My daughter was on the committee to get up New Year's presents for the soldiers at the front. Of course, it was impossible to send them to all, but it was better that even a few should have their hearts gladdened than none at all when they were doing so much for their country. The young people's plan was quite a novel one. They made bags of strong mulberry paper,

about six inches wide and twelve inches long, in which they asked people to put in anything they liked—anything they thought soldiers would like. For instance, in one bag I put a pair of woolen socks, a piece of Japanese towel, a cake of soap, a toothbrush and tooth powder; in another a pair of warm gloves, a package of cigarettes, and a handkerchief; in another a package of silk wadding, postal cards, pencil, etc. When my daughter has time she sews on the little dresses for the children of the destitute families of soldiers in connection with the Relief Society; but as she still has to take lessons in English and other things, she can not give all the time that she would like to these charities.

terest weather. My sister, with others, has collected thousands of these and sent them off to Manchuria packed in strong boxes.

Another work in which my two sisters have been engaged is collecting cast-off clothing from their friends and remaking it for distribution among the destitute families of those at the front. Of course, it was impossible to provide all the families of the soldiers even in Tokio alone, so they have begun with those who live in three districts nearest them. Even with this limitation, the undertaking is a tremendous one, for each family averages from four to five members, and each district contains eighty to a hundred families. My sisters are still at this work, sitting up till twelve o'clock to cut and sew.

Another group of women that I know are also engaged in sewing. There are many wounded and sick who have recovered enough to be dismissed from the hospitals and allowed to go home until they are called again to take up arms. When they went to fight for their country they were provided with uniforms, and when they entered the hospitals they were clothed in regulation white, but when they are dismissed, if they are as poor as some of them are, they have nothing to wear to return to their own homes. To supply this want some ladies are making ordinary Japanese dresses for the poorer ones.

#### Schoolgirls Helping

All the girls' schools offered to make soldiers' underclothing during the hours of their sewing lesson, which is always a part of the regular curriculum for girls' schools. The offer was accepted by the War Department, and even the youngest ones have been made happy, thinking they were doing something for the country. Miss Tsuda's school made nearly 1,000 cholera belts during the early part of last summer and sent them to the front. During this winter vacation the students decided to knit 1,000 pairs of socks. I have not heard the result, but I am certain that they must have accomplished their object. I could give you many more instances to show you how the women of Japan are taking this war to heart, and how earnestly they are striving to help on the cause.

I tell you all these things to show you how earnest we are about this war. I know your heart is with us, for we hear so much of American sympathy for Japan. We are fighting for our very existence, and we know our cause is just and right. We are sure of final victory, though we may have to carry on this war for years. We are prepared to go to any length to gain a lasting peace for this part of Asia.

There is one thing I want to ask you. If any of your friends contemplated traveling in Japan, but are deterred from doing so on account of the war, will you tell them that it is perfectly quiet here in Japan itself and there is not the slightest danger in traveling? So many people have given up coming because they think it is unsafe. That is not so at all. Nothing has altered so far as foreigners are concerned.



FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA AND HIS FAMILY

The Marchioness Oyama, the author of the accompanying account of the work the women of Japan are doing for their country, stands at the right of the Marshal. She is a graduate of Vassar College, and was one of the first Japanese girls to be educated in America.

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There are many women outside of regular societies who are doing such work, either individually or in groups. My sister, with a few others, has been collecting funds to buy Kairo, a Japanese contrivance quite unknown to the West. The Kairo is a small tin box about four inches long and three inches wide, covered with cotton velvet, with one end uncovered and with small holes for air. Into this box is put powdered charcoal made into an oblong stick about three inches long. If the end of the charcoal stick is lighted and put into this box it keeps warm for four or five hours at a time. When the Kairo is carried under the clothing it keeps one warm and comfortable even in the bit-

# BUSTING TRUSTS IN KANSAS

A REGION WHERE THE REFORMER IS NOT LONESOME, AND FOURTH OF JULY SENTIMENTS ARE NOT OUT OF DATE. SIDELIGHTS ON THE CASE OF KANSAS AGAINST STANDARD OIL

By ARTHUR RUHL

WHEN you arrive at Topeka, the billboards between the railroad station and the hotel tell you that the Jefferson boys appeared the evening before in "The Rivals," that Flint, the hypnotist, with the horrible side-whiskers, is coming to-morrow, and that on Saturday afternoon, that well-known tragedian, Mr. John Griffith, will present, at a twenty-five cent matinee, Shakespeare's classic tragedy of "Macbeth." You have scarcely registered when there is a crash of martial music, and down the main street come marching Al Field's Minstrels in long tan overcoats and tan top-hats, with Mr. Field himself driving two white horses to a light tan buckboard at the head, and all the empty hacks from all the livery stables of the Kansas capital trailing on behind. You wonder very much just what the significance of all those empty vehicles may be, whether they are merely to add to the dignity of the procession, or whether, as the *blase* young man behind the cigar-counter suggests, they are to bring back the sad-looking men in the tan overcoats when they have walked as far as they can, and as they disappear down the street, twirling their sticks elegantly now and then, you can almost hear them getting ready their jokes about Mr. Rockefeller's single hair and imagine the end man saying that he has a baby named William, and that's the only bill that he ever carried through the House.

As you walk uptown toward the State House—the den of the trust-busters—glimpses of the open country show through at the further ends of the streets, there are occasional farmers' teams at the curb with harnesses pieced out with rope to disprove the current Eastern fallacy that everybody in Kansas rides in his own devil-wagon, and in the window at the trolley-car waiting-room hangs the following genial sign:

## HOUSE AND SENATE BALL

HUDSON HALL, TOPEKA

Informal (not full dress), just a good time

## RECEPTION COMMITTEE

MEMBERS OF HOUSE AND SENATE

## ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

ALL THE PROMINENT HOTEL PROPRIETORS OF TOPEKA

Just a Good Time—That's All—50 Cents

You go up into the Capitol to the chambers where the trust-busters have done their busting. Through the windows the legislators can look out beyond the town to the cornstalks and yellow prairie, to the sweet blue ribbon of the Kaw. They can almost imagine they see beyond the horizon to their own homes and farms, and hear their restless constituents round the cracker barrels urging them to hurry up and begin to bust. It's a long, long way to 26 Broadway; far in the dim and distant East is the home of Standard Oil. No overpowering skyscrapers here, no sullen city roar, no "Wall Street," no "system," no sphinx-like suites of ground-

a Henry Clay scalp-lock, write letters to the yellow papers, and hope for a revolution. But it's different out in Kansas. Here trust-busting's in the air. All the "best people" are busters. It is a profession worth while—a duty as patriotic as that of throwing the tea overboard into Boston Harbor. Under the gray dome



E. W. HOCH, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

"A big man with blue eyes and a face that looks as though it had seen a good deal of sunlight and open air. He has a big, slow manner, and a big sense of humor which isn't slow at all."

of the Topeka Capitol, the State seems one great family, the statesmen, paterfamilias, and the trust, the vicious rattlesnake wriggling into the front yard. So the Legislature grabs up its club and smites, and when the session is over, gives a cheer, presents the Speaker with a cut-glass ice-water service and goes back to the tall grass to be met at the station by joyful constituents and carried home upon their shoulders.

## The Chief of the Trust-Busters

The Governor of Kansas is a big man with blue eyes and a face that looks as though it had seen a good deal of sunlight and open air. He has a big, slow manner and a big sense of humor which isn't slow at all. Before he was elected, he was editor of a little country weekly at Marion. There was a column in it called "Thoughts I've Been Thinking," from which bigger papers in distant parts of the country frequently borrowed and mention of which is likely to embarrass the Governor now. When Mr. Hoch talks about the trust-busting legislation he speaks quietly and seriously, with shrewdness and intelligence. The only signs of levity are when the heavy lines about his mouth crinkle into a curious sort of humorous octagon, but I am told that when he laughs aloud people upstairs send down to find out what is the matter. During the recent legislative eruption at Topeka one of the more impetuous representatives introduced a bill which had already been passed. The Governor vetoed it and remarked that it was up to the representative to "set 'em up." A member of the opposition, thinking that this was a dangerous expression for the Governor of a Prohibition State to use, rashly had a resolution adopted calling on the Governor to explain. Mr. Hoch was extremely busy, but he disentangled his signing hand from the pile of bills before him long enough to dash off the following reply:

TO THE SENATE—I am in receipt of Senate resolution No. 40, introduced by the Senator from Atchison County, requesting me to explain what was meant by the term "Set 'em up," as used in my veto message of Senate bill No. 341. This expression, used playfully, and without having any particular meaning, and possibly hardly comporting with the dignity of your body, seems to have had, if not a good, at least an unexpected effect, in that it has caused the emaciated corpse of the Kansas Democracy to take on the semblance of life and sit up and take notice.

The belief in miracles is here strengthened by absolute proof, showing that the proper call will restore animation to the dead. If the Angel Gabriel, standing with one foot on land and one on sea, were to blow such a blast from his trumpet that the mountains should rock to their bases, the Democratic party would probably sleep on undisturbed, but if he were even to whisper the magic words, "Set 'em up," the grave of this moribund organization would give up its dead, and from the entire aggregation, headed by the tal-

ented and handsome Senator from Atchison, would come the answer in swelling chorus, "We will take the same." E. W. Hoch, Governor.

With a man like that as leader, trust-busting must naturally be some fun. There was fun and solid work done, too. The oil men gathered in Topeka in January, shortly after Governor Hoch came into office, some two hundred strong. They made West of Peru—where there's talk of locating the new State refinery—president, Parker of Independence, secretary. West is a business man and Parker a fighter. He had seen fighting ten years ago when he was President of the Cripple Creek Chamber of Commerce. Senator F. Dumont Smith, the silver-tongued, who nominated Governor Hoch at the convention last winter, and Senator Fitzpatrick, the leader of the Upper House, joined in with these two as the four principal leaders. Fitzpatrick is a nervous little lawyer, given to laconic phrases, which, as they say in Kansas, "peel the fur right off of 'em." Senator Smith has those same gifts which led the editor of the "Topeka Daily Capital" thus to remark concerning one of his esteemed contemporaries: "As we understand jiu-jitsu, it has the same effects on the human body that the editor of the 'Emporia Republican' has on the English language." These were four of the leaders; other leaders and the State rallied round. It was we-uns against you-uns, the latter being the Standard Oil Company, the former the people of Kansas.

This is not the place nor time tediously to set forth the case against the Standard Oil Company. It is a very old story—the same one told in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and wherever oil has been struck. From the point of view of the monopoly which endeavors patiently, relentlessly, inevitably to destroy all competition, it is merely a matter of highly perfected business methods consistently carried out; from the point of view of the independent oil producers, it is as it always has been, piracy, highway robbery, bankruptcy, and annihilation. Producers were lured into the oil fields until their money and labor had started the oil running all over southeast Kansas, then the market for their crude oil was knocked out from under them until it was a case of selling out to the Standard or marketing their oil at a loss. Where an independent refinery such as that at Humboldt still endeavored to keep going, the local Standard agent had orders to sell two cents below the independent's price, no matter what it was. Oil was soon selling at nine cents a gallon at Humboldt and Emporia, while the price for the rest of the State averaged from fifteen to twenty cents. By such devices, by exorbitant freight rates and rebates, juggling of gravity schedules, and all the rest of those methods



"MINSTRELS IN ... TAN TOP-HATS"

—trite enough to those familiar with the manner in which the Standard has shut off competition in other States—the people of the oil country were brought to desperation. It was a case, they say, of quit altogether or fight, and they chose to fight. The protest resulted, to make a long story short, in the passing of five measures covering, in what seemed to the majority the best way possible, the evils under which the oil producers were suffering. These measures were:

The Maximum Freight Rate bill, establishing maximum freight rates for transportation of crude oil by rail and forbidding rebates.

Anti-Discrimination bill, prohibiting the selling of any commodity—after the difference in freight and the delivery expenses have been allowed for—cheaper in one part of the State than in another.

Pipe Line Common Carrier bill, making crude oil conduits common carriers, and fixing the schedule of charges for such pipe service. (Continued on p. 22.)



"HYPNOTIST, WITH THE HORRIBLE SIDE-WHISKERS"

glass offices and regiments of roll-top desks. When you try to bust a trust down East, you have to be content to be lonesome—the "best people" don't know you, subsidized newspaper editors laugh at you and say wickedly clever things. The best you can do is to grow



# ONE SUMMER'S DAY

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

Author of "A Lady of the Regency," "The Apprentice," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



tude, unshared with others, crushed her. She found the courage to say so, and suddenly, before she knew even that her throat contracted or her breast heaved ever so little, two tears stood in her eyes. John was playing his nightly game of patience, and only by the merest chance happened to look up at that moment.

"I shall be back in a week," he said reproachfully. "You mustn't be morbid, Jane. Perhaps you could ask some woman to stay."

"There must be heaps who have not such a beautiful home as mine," she murmured penitently. "It might be a pleasure to them. There's your first cousin once removed, George Grant. Hasn't he a girl?"

"I believe so, but I'm afraid she is a handful. Impulsive, you know, and all that, and very indiscreet. My sister Mary wrote from Scotland something about having undertaken to get foolish ideas out of her head."

Before Jane Bury's vision there floated the picture of her husband's sister Mary, and she was seized with a sudden desire for opposition.

"I am sure I could manage George's girl. At any rate she could come to no mischief here," she answered.

So upon a midsummer day, upon the morning of which John Bury had departed for a week, the Girl, strictly invited for a week, arrived from the other side of town. She was such a dreadful mixture of shyness, utter frankness, decorum, and impulse that Mrs. Bury's calculations were completely upset. She had expected either a hoyden or a spoiled miss. She found instead a wilful, wistful child, whose eyes went straight to her hostess's heart.

Even as Miss Pansy Grant alighted on the doorstep, a something wildly unconventional and irresistible seemed to pervade the house. At tea she insisted on eating roseleaves, fallen from a vase, on her bread and butter, because "country things were such a joy, and there was no garden at home." After that she escaped into the garden and asked a hundred odd, breathless questions about the distance of the house from the village, the evening trains, the names of the neighbors, the best time to graft or prune, and ended by the expression of a wild longing to mount in solitude the hill behind the manor and look down upon the hamlet which clustered at the foot of a still steeper hill below the Burys' little estate. From the summit she gazed in silence at the head of a long green slope flanked by trees on either side, while Mrs. Bury waited below with an amused, perplexed smile on her face. Suddenly Pansy began to run with arms extended, and before Jane knew it the Girl had reached her and flung both arms round her with a little sob of delight.

"Dear Cousin Jane!" said the girl, "I love you! You are so different to papa's other relations. They have never been young. You are young and delicious. The moment I saw you on the platform I loved you. I know I'm dreadful—erratic and jumpy—but I'm so terribly happy!"

Jane laughed in quite a new way, and gave the flushed cheek a little pat. But all she said was, "We must go home and see to your unpacking, or we shall be late for dinner, and Preston and the cook will be quite alarmed."

"What shall I put on?" said the Girl later, standing over her trunk.

"Oh, anything. We are quite alone; a black thing will do. I always wear black in the evening."

"It is very wrong of you, when you are young and rich, not to wear white," said the Girl decidedly. "You'll wear white to-night to please me. I am going to put on my fluffiest, bestest ivory dress to . . . to . . . do you honor, Cousin Jane!" She went on unpacking, with a little song on her lips, while Jane watched her in mild amusement. "By the way, are there no letters for me?" asked the Girl suddenly.

"There couldn't be. There is no post in till to-morrow morning."

"Of course not," said the Girl; "how stupid of me!" She went on unpacking—but sang no more.

Mrs. Bury went down to dinner in a white frock, to the surprise of her elderly maid, and just as Preston announced the meal the girl began to pin moss-roses into her cousin's hair. So the soup was quite cold when they went in. Just after the entrée Preston handed a letter to the Girl. She put it by her plate.

"How extraordinary!" she remarked. "This hasn't come by post. I wonder what it is!"

"Do look at it, my dear," said kindly Jane.

The Girl read it with beautiful nonchalance, and said it could be answered later. For the rest of dinner she talked some splendid nonsense and ate nothing. After dessert she suggested coffee in the summer-house, near a shrubbery in the lower rose-garden.

"Oh! I don't know about that," objected Jane timidly. "It would mean Preston and the footman walking all across the wet, dewy lawn, and Preston does get rheumatism so badly, poor dear! We'll have it in the conservatory as usual."

"It is a pity not to see the stars, though, and the light on the lake," murmured the Girl.

"You can see the stars quite well through the conservatory roof."

"Do you and Cousin John never go out after dinner on these lovely nights?"

"We don't need, somehow. John does so love his quiet game of cards, and then he smokes and reads the papers, and I read, too, you know."

"Do you never want to sleep out of doors?" persisted the Girl. "Do you remember what R. L. S. says about the beauty of the night and the way 'God keeps open house in the fields' while stupid human beings shut themselves up in houses and never know the mystery of the hour before dawn?"

"I haven't read that book," responded Jane pleasantly, "but the words you quote are very pretty indeed. I once wanted to go on a camping-out expedition somewhere in England, but John said the discomfort would so outbalance the pleasure that we decided against it. So we went to Homburg instead, for his dyspepsia."

The Girl sighed sharply, and Preston arrived with the coffee. She did not drink hers. "It must be nearly a quarter past nine," she remarked casually.

"Our clocks are always kept five minutes fast for station purposes," responded Jane. "That was the quarter you heard, but it really wants five minutes to the quarter. Would you like to go to bed early—now?"

"I couldn't sleep a wink," replied the Girl emphatically. "I must walk, I must go into the garden and . . . think."

"The servants would think it so very odd if you walked about there alone to-night."

"Won't you come, too?"

"I'll go and get a cloak, and so must you," said Jane with an effort.

"It's quite warm," entreated the Girl. "Why, look here—this Japanese drapery on the piano will do beautifully to put over your shoulders." She made a dash at it, overturned an array of photograph frames, some silver oddities, and a very valuable Oriental vase. Its contents poured on the floor, but the porcelain was saved. The Girl gave a sort of shriek, half cry, half sob, and Jane, aghast, rang for Preston. The Girl began to laugh. Her laughter had such an odd sound in it that Jane was startled. Before she could investigate this the Girl drew her cousin back to the conservatory, put her into a chair, and laid her head on Jane's knee.

"Do come out with me, or else it will be too late," she sobbed.

"Too late for what?" cried bewildered Jane.

The Girl lifted her head.

"There is a . . . a Boy I know," she faltered. "He is here in the village. I know him very well, and he wrote this note"—she produced a scrunched paper ball—"to say he would be at the lower gate near the summer-house at a quarter past nine. He has come here on purpose to see something of me, and because Papa and Cousin Mary Bury say I am never to see him again. He has no relations, poor darling, either to stop him or help him. So I told him just to come here and I'd tell you, and you'd be good to us. I knew simply from your handwriting when you wrote to ask Papa if I might stay here that you'd be sweet, and young, and good to us. He is waiting now at the gate. Come, Jane—Jane dear!" She tugged piteously at Mrs.

Mrs. AND MRS. BURY had been married nearly five years. For that period they had enjoyed the best of health, undimmed prosperity, and close companionship. That is to say, they had neither breakfasted nor dined apart. When the neighborhood of the richly vegetated home country in which they lived thought of the Burys, it thought of them in duplicate. In hieroglyphs they would have been represented by two identical, symmetrical signs, utilitarian and wholly decorous. From the very beginning John Bury had struck the keynote of discretion, and his wife sounded it obediently, perpetually. It vibrated in her handwriting, in her costume, in her style of hairdressing, as much as in the punctuality of the smooth household, and in the equipage which drove him every morning to the station for his business day in town and her every afternoon about the neighborhood in the discharge of social and philanthropic duties of an entirely unsensational character. These social duties were limited to calls and a few tea parties—the only gatherings which John Bury considered it advisable for her to attend alone. She appeared at them, stayed just long enough to be correct, and disappeared in time to say and do nothing of a positive character. It never occurred to her to do otherwise. John Bury, in the world's opinion, was "an eminently safe man," and his wife, impressed by this fact at the outset of her acquaintance with him, acquiesced, and affectionately relied upon his judgment. The step from girlhood to marriage had not been attended by great changes, as in the case of many women. Her life from the beginning had been free from anxieties, money had always been sufficient, and the consciousness of inheriting good, if not aristocratic, blood had, in her patient, sweet nature, alienated any desire for vulgar social ambitions. She passed from the single life to the double as one who is greatly content, supremely trustful, and thankful without the feverish ecstasy of those who know too much of apprehension.

One day, about five years after Jane Moore became Jane Bury, her husband announced the necessity of a week's absence. It was not done violently and in haste; his household had a whole week's notice. A distinguished foreign personage connected with the Continental interests of his enterprises was in London, and must be approached for his future advantage. He had decided to stay at the largest hotel, entertain royally the stranger and other gentlemen, and return at the weekend to the comfort and placidity of his modern manor. At this moment it suddenly occurred to Jane Bury that she would be for a week a rudderless and solitary individual. And the more she thought of it the more it seemed to her strange that the house, the garden, the lake, the victoria, the dogcart, the pair oar, and the canoe (the canoe was never used) should exist for her alone—for John Bury needed nothing but the dogcart on weekdays and the punt on Sunday afternoons for lake fishing. Quite suddenly, after five years, this pleni-



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## ANOTHER VIEW F

"OUT OF WORK AND OMOR"





DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

W F RACE SUICIDE

ND OMORE TO PROVIDE FOR"

Bury's wrists, and Jane Bury rose to her feet, terribly agitated.

"This is *most* curious behavior!" she said reproachfully. "You tell a young man to wait at the garden gate till you go out and talk to him? It is quite impossible. He must be made to understand that he should come and call properly in the daylight and leave his card upon John. I must send some one to him with a note. Perhaps Preston . . . or the footman."

"Oh, no—let me go and tell him, Jane—Janie dear! It would hurt him so dreadfully. And the servants would think it so extraordinary!"

That suggestion of the shocked retainers of the Bury establishment increased Jane's agitation.

"Let me go now at once—I won't stay there a moment," said the Girl.

"Certainly not. I shall go. It is the only dignified thing to do under the circumstances. I will explain it all, and he can call to-morrow. You will stay here."

"Honor!" said Miss Pansy bravely, as she flung the embroidered Japanese gauze over Jane's pretty white shoulders.

Oh! how wet the grass was! Poor Jane fled across the plats and down the paths with a horrid guilty conscience. Once she heard steps and turned, bracing herself to the encounter. To her infinite distress she saw her own under-housemaid, evidently on her way to a tryst, peering at her from a door into the fruit garden. The mistress slackened her pace, pretended to pick a flower, gained the shelter of a laurel bush, and then hurried on. Now she plunged into the rose-garden, and now she entered a great ancient avenue of rhododendrons, assisted by a slope on the left, the overhanging bushes of which met and interlaced with the bushes closely flanking the other side of the path. Here it was black—far blacker than the summer night—and the ripe blossoms had shed many a petal, turning the path into a strip as soft as plush and as noiseless to the tread. On she went toward the gate, hearing nothing, when—of a sudden—came a crackle of boughs, a little exclamation, and a movement, generous, all-enveloping. She found herself caught, held, kissed on the mouth. Her cheek touched the glossy coolness of starched linen, the breath was nearly crushed out of her by the close embrace. "You mustn't!" she gasped.

"My darling!" remonstrated the owner of the arms.

"Let me go!" she commanded, still in a stifled whisper. "It's all a mistake."

"How dare you?" said the voice. "I'll take you, Madam, where I can see your face, and challenge you to tell me again we've made a mistake."

His arm carried her onward a couple of yards to where a gap in the arching bushes let in the moonlight. She pushed him gently back with both hands as they came to a halt, and said, "You ought to have waited at the gate—where you told Pansy you would be."

He fell back a few steps.

"Great Scott!" he said—"I mean— Good gracious! I don't know what you must think of me. . . . I made sure it was Pansy. I—oh—what can I say?"

"You had better tell me your name at once," responded Jane coldly.

"Harry Okeover; I am in the Indian Civil Service. I love Pansy and am going out to India in a month. I want to take her out as my wife," responded the young man humbly. "I thought she would have explained," he added.

"There hasn't been time. You had better go home to your lodgings—I suppose you are in lodgings in the village—and come to-morrow morning."

"Mayn't I see her just for a minute now?"

She hesitated, thought of John, of Preston, of all the Bury convention and dignity, and then contemplated the man before her. He was very carefully dressed in evening costume, he was unmistakably a gentleman . . . and a gentleman may take a very good position in the Indian Civil Service, she reflected. "You can come back with me," she answered, "but we will go along the avenue, please. The grass is so wet."

She felt her whole body burn as she thought of the encounter in the corridor of flowering rhododendrons, and do what she would she could not get it out of her head. She left the lovers in the conservatory, and tried to read a serious magazine in the drawing-room, but the memory of that kiss was insistent. It made her feel glad and wicked and horrified all at once.

When the Boy had decorously bid his hostess adieu till the morrow the Girl floated in from the conservatory, and clasped Jane's knees. "You dear!" she said, once more between laughter and tears, "how pretty you look! I am so proud that that Boy mistook you for me. He confessed it—poor darling!"

"It was all because of the white dress," said Jane sharply; "I ought never to have worn it, and the lace is ruined with the dew and dust. He ought to have remained at the gate."

"Do forgive him!" pleaded the Girl. "Do remember how horrid and hateful everything has been, and how different it is for you and John. Why, you can kiss each other every day of your lives and play in the garden, and Harry and I have been living in a town, and only able to meet in secret on the Inner Circle underground railway. And the tunnels are so short and there are so many stations on that line."

Jane's lips tried to remonstrate, but all she could do was to laugh helplessly.

"Child," she said, "the best way to avoid any difficulty is to ask this Boy to stay here for the rest of the week. Or else I really don't know what people will think. Of course I must write to your father, too, and tell him."

"You'll intercede? You angel!" cried the Girl.

## II

FIVE days later Mrs. Bury, as she passed downstairs to breakfast, stared about her in mild surprise, and then began to laugh softly. A kind of delicious disorder pervaded the house. The Girl's sketching things, the Boy's camera, and other species of youthful para-

phernalia were in evidence. Tennis shoes lay under proud oaken seats, tennis balls rolled on the polished floor. Breakfast was actually laid in the shade of an acacia, and the head gardener, Briggs, who cherished every garden bud and always cut off gorgeous blossoms with a miserable stalk of three inches, was moving in and out of the drawing-room with his arms full of glorious, flowering sprays. The Girl uttered joyous commands to him from the other side of the lawn, and he hastened to obey.

"Saving those buds for the flower show? Oh, no, I shouldn't. The more you cut the better the bush will flower for the show."

And so Briggs winced as he grinned, and, grinning, slashed his pet blooms, wherewith to turn the manor of the Burys into a midsummer bower.

There was a gentle relaxation of rigidity also in the bearing of the Burys' seneschal, which was the most marked change of all. Jane, overhearing the following conversation that same morning, wondered what John would think on his return in three days' time.

"Good-morning, Preston"—this from the Girl.

"Good-morning, Miss."

"Isn't it a day and a half?"

"It doesn't look like rain, Miss."

"Really, Preston! Say 'It is a simply gorgeous, toping, stupendous day of a day!'"

"It really is, Miss," said Preston with a chuckle.



Through the trees she could see where John sat at his nightly game of patience

"You wriggled out of it, Preston. That was bad of you!"

"I meant it, Miss, all the same," pleaded Preston.

The Girl gave an ecstatic sigh.

"All sorts of things could happen on such a day, Preston, you know."

"Very possibly, Miss," said Preston, arranging various kinds of preserves very symmetrically on the table.

"Do you ever feel like that, too?" said the Girl ardently.

"Not here, Miss," he rejoined discreetly.

"Where, then, and when?" teased the Girl.

Preston's lids fluttered in agonized entreaty, and he gave her one perplexed glance, deprecating confession.

"In Paris, Miss, when I used to go there with the Honorable Burford, Miss."

"Very long ago, Preston?"

"Time passes, Miss," sighed Preston, resetting the breakfast cups.

"Why, there is nothing to prevent you going again. If I were your master I'd skip off to-morrow."

"It's not at all Mr. Bury's way, Miss, to skip off. He's a very careful gentleman, Miss—not but what I admire it. Mr. Bury is a very fine character, Miss, a very fine character indeed, and never in a hurry . . . quite different to the Honorable Burford, Miss."

"He was what is called a 'flyer,' Preston?"

"Exactly that, Miss."

"Gay, but dangerous, Preston?"

"Again the decorous lids fluttered."

"Wasn't he?" persisted the brown-haired rogue in white muslin and pink ribbons.

"Everything that Mr. Bury is *not*, Miss," responded Preston with solemnity. And his mistress swept out, controlling her face, to give her guest and kinswoman a kiss of morning greeting.

"I felt that almost anything might happen to-day," said the Girl excitedly under her breath, as the two

women strolled through the gardens that afternoon, waiting for the result of a certain interview between the Boy and the father of the Girl. For Jane had done great things in these five days. She had written boldly to "Cousin George" of her unblushing complicity in the conspiracy of the lovers, and, while assuring him of her loyal cousinship, had pleaded eloquently for the Girl, commending her choice of the Boy, who appeared to her in all ways a most dignified and attractive person. Finally, she had invited the stern parent to stay a night and treat with the rebellious young people. George Grant refused to stay the night, but very gradually, through the hours of that irresistible summer day, he and the suitor came to terms, and when Jane Bury went into the Girl's room that night, that the two of them might brush their glossy hair by the window, she felt that a great deed had been accomplished. As for the ecstatic Girl, she talked such romantic nonsense that Jane's cheeks tingled, and she ran away.

Blue haze of heat on wood and hill sent Miss Pansy caroling out betimes next morning, and she woke her hostess by throwing flowers in at the open window from a ladder on which she was perched, while a young under-gardener (whose heart was quite ravished) held the ladder below and a basket for the sprays which she hurled down upon him.

Jane Bury sat in bed blinking the dew of fragrant buds out of her gentle eyes. But a cluster of crimson

rambler aimed with good effect made her search for her handkerchief and remonstrate. A laughing face appeared at the window.

"The lark now leaves his watery nest," quoted the Girl.

"I am not a lark," pleaded Jane, tittering.

"No, I'm the lark and you are the beloved. But in the song there is also a lover, you know. Never mind, darling; Cousin John will be back to-morrow and he'll be on the ladder instead of me."

"John doesn't go out before breakfast. His 'Whiteley's Exerciser' always takes up his time before his bath," Jane replied.

"I should burn his 'Whiteley's Exerciser' then, if I were you," retorted the Girl. "How perfectly lovely you look, Jane. What a ridiculous name Jane is for you! It ought to be June or July. You look like a damask rose. No wonder Cousin John hides you away in the country and keeps you all to himself. He must worship the ground you tread on. Why, I can't think how he can do anything but look at you when you wake up! I should like to bury you under roses— May I come in? I'm bored, and my Boy has gone for a swim in the lake."

"You are a very silly girl, and I wish you to go to the bottom of the ladder, or else I will not come to your wedding," said Jane firmly. At which threat the laughing face disappeared.

Upon this last "day of days," as the Girl called it again and again, the comradeship of the three—the hostess and her happy guests—seemed to touch its highest point of sincerity and delight. All the week through Jane had been aware of a generous abandonment of her own conscientious little enterprises to the whims

and fancies of this radiant pair. Now, upon the last day of their visit, as she regarded the situation dispassionately, she became conscious of having voyaged through a series of moods, the velocity and succession of which took her breath away. At the beginning of the week she had appeared to herself as a very considerable personage indeed. Now she felt herself like a child playing at life, or like a traveler wishing to ford a river, yet afraid to wet his shoes. Six days ago she had been the protectress of these two, the hostess, the dignified chaperon, the wise confidante. It was delicious to feel that they deferred to her—above all, needed her. She was their close companion. They found happiness in merely teasing one another in her company, and the three of them drove and boated and rambled and picnicked together. There were, of course, moments of solitude à deux, but, strangely enough, Jane Bury, in her isolation, delighted in these. During these moments she was filled with happy, goodly, tender thoughts, and all the noble altruism in her nature welled forth in a generous flood, till, at last, she fell to laying pretty little snares for the two love-blinded children. Their naive astonishment at first, their pretended indignation later, lured her into such audacious banter as she had never before attempted, so that there were times when Jane, even from the depths of her humility, acknowledged herself a wit.

There were now only twenty-four hours left of this threefold comradeship. But the atmosphere had suddenly changed, and with it the whole situation. Something, not unconnected with the fact of the parental visit of negotiation, had happened. The Girl and the Boy were still girl and boy, and yet the halo and dignity of the betrothed crowned each of them. The beautiful formality of a flashing ring had bestowed upon the Girl a sudden mundane importance which mere love passages—he they never so vivid—never impart. In brief, the Two had become independent of the One, and the One began to realize her oneness. (Continued on p. 26.)

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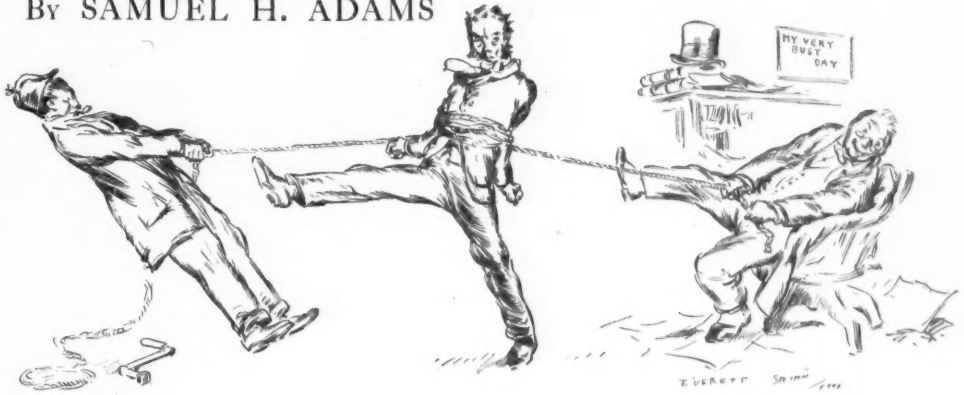


# STUDIES OF A STRIKE

THE POINTS OF VIEW OF THE STRIKERS—THE CORPORATIONS AND THE PATIENT PUBLIC

A STRIKE is a many-angled affair. Particularly is this true where it affects a necessity of daily life. Then every man feels it as a personal interest, and probably no two feel it exactly alike. New York City has just had a brief and sharp example in the recent troubles of the Interborough, controlling the Subway and the Elevated roads, of how distressfully the war of private interests applied to a public commodity can concern the body politic. The random observations which follow are an attempt merely to present a few of the phases of the little war.

By SAMUEL H. ADAMS



FOR immediacy of discomfort, danger, and general harassment, a local traction tie-up exceeds any other known form of labor trouble. Even such a fiasco as the Interborough strike of the early part of this month fairly stood New York City on its head, for the few days that it lasted. Hardly any sort of industry but suffered by it; hardly any individual citizen, outside of the bedridden class, but felt the pang of the trodden toe and the rasped temper. Seven thousand Subway and "L" train employees, becoming dissatisfied with certain conditions of their employment, so wrought upon the temporary destinies of more than half a million laborers—real laborers, mark you, in Wall Street or Baxter Street, in the holds of the shipping off Coenties Slip, or the skyscraper offices of Park Row—as to render their business of the day a muddle, and their home-coming of the night a painful problem. If the object was to exemplify the potency of the strike principle, they scored a brilliant success. Measured in terms of human exasperation and unease, their efforts were almost epoch-making.

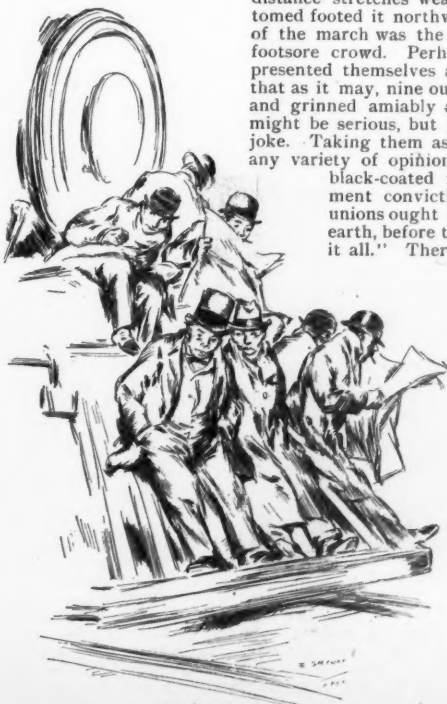


PICKETS

Armed force of enemies, equal in number to the strikers, marching upon the city, might and probably would have killed more people; it would hardly have produced such a violent convulsion of affairs before being driven into the convenient waters that surround Manhattan. For maximum of effect arising from minimum of cause the three days' strike makes a stout claim to a record. Note, also, that this would be equally true whether the employees were in the right and the company in the wrong, or vice versa. In either case the public bears the

brunt of the struggle, and a good share of the expense; all of which suggests that the great city of New York is, in some respects, a very helpless giant.

If ever there was a grand scramble, it was the home-coming of the metropolis on the first evening of the strike. Long before the normal rush hours the Subway, badly crippled as it was, and the Elevated roads, in still worse case, were swamped. All attempt to run the roads as a business enterprise was given up; any might ride free, if he could fight his way to the opportunity. "It costs nothin', and it ain't worth half o' that," I heard in melancholy and broken-winded tones from the midst of a mêlée at the Fourteenth Street Station of the Sixth Avenue "L" road, and the same voice followed up this apothegm with the appeal, not wholly unreasonable, it would seem, to some person or persons unknown: "If ye can't get yer knee out o' my stomach, at least take yer umbrella from me ear." As for the surface cars, attainment was soon reduced to the basic principle of the survival of the fittest. Men clung wherever the foot could find a crevice and the hand a hold. Certain emulators of remote ancestry clambered up the supporting rods and established themselves on the roofs. Every car as it moved in its snail-pace upward was clotted as with swarming ants. An uninformed onlooker might well have supposed that imminent peril of bombardment or pestilence was depopulating lower New York.



THE COW-CATCHER CROWD

At Twenty-third Street and Broadway the scene was quite exotic. Hansom cabs sped along in flocks like northering blackbirds, and each cab bore its double or triple quota of fares. Delivery wagons, light trucks, and business vehicles of all kinds were given over to the profitable business of transporting prosperous hunger to its distant and much-needed dinner. At one point an ornate motor car, in the rôle of hare, heavily manned and securely stalled, was jeered by the silk-hatted occupants of a tortoise-paced truck, the scene recalling the California woman's epigram of differentiation between the automobile and the horse, that "the automobile gets there quicker, but the horse more often."

Riot held sway at the Grand Central Station, wild, whooping, reckless, joyous riot. The officials were helpless and the police useless. Through the wrong gates and the right gates, down forbidden passages and permitted ways, and finally over the lofty iron fences, swarmed men, women, and children, and when the trains moved out there was standing room only, and that principally on the cow-catcher. That only one life was lost—and that from heart disease—speaks well for the ability of a New York mob to handle itself.

Driven to ingenuity by pressure of need, certain shrewd heads zigzagged uptown by ferry; as, for instance, from Cortlandt Street to Jersey City, change, and from Jersey City to Twenty-third Street; or from Jay Street to Weehawken, change, and from Weehawken to Forty-second Street; or from James Slip to Long Island City, change, and from Long Island City to East Thirty-fourth Street.

When the powerful had filled the surface cars, and the persistent had jammed into the last square foot of space in the Subway or "L" trains, and the adventurous had taken their chances at the Grand Central Station, and the extravagant had paid profligate prices for cab hire, there still remained a vast army to whom but one resort was left. They tramped. Not with the nervous rush characteristic of the Gothamite who hurries to catch his car just around the corner, but with the patient swing of the marcher before whose mind distance stretches wearily, the army of the unaccustomed footed it northward. And the striking feature of the march was the good-nature of the hungry and footsore crowd. Perhaps the unusual circumstances presented themselves as in the nature of a lark. Be that as it may, nine out of ten of the plodders cursed and grinned amiably and impartially. By and by it might be serious, but just at the first it was rather a joke. Taking them as they passed, one heard almost any variety of opinion. Here a ponderous, puffing, black-coated rotundity expressed the vehement conviction that "these blanked labor unions ought to be wiped off the face of the earth, before they got to thinking they owned it all." There a weary and thoughtful-looking wayfarer guessed that there was "right and wrong on both sides. Maybe the Subway people were setting out to fool the labor men the same as they had fooled the city." One emphatic-voiced elderly man "caused a crowd to collect," to use the police phrase (the police weren't there to use it themselves) by expressing the large hope that "they'd tie up the city so blamed tight between 'em that we'd all have to walk for a year."

"What makes you so strong for the labor unions?" asked one with a hopeful view to public argument.

"I'm not for the labor unions," returned the other.

"Are you for the Interborough people, then?"

"No, sir. I'm for mu-

nicipal ownership," declared the man. "And every day this keeps up, brings it just so much nearer."

On the whole, the evidences of the strike were more noticeable around the streets than at the seat of war. At the main headquarters of the strikers in Harlem everything was very quiet. It was more than quiet, it was hushed. An atmosphere of secrecy is part of the game, like the ornate rosettes of the committee at a political ball. Under the tawdry Moorish decorations and the bedraggled palms of the "Garden," where the largest meetings were held, little groups of continually changing elements consulted profoundly, with heads close together. A huge sign inscribed "Private Dancing Lessons" incongruously overhung the entrance to the meeting hall where two husky guardians held up all comers with the demand "Show your union cards here." Occasionally a breathless emissary would rush



HIRING STRIKE BREAKERS

in and whisper something to somebody, who would whisper it to somebody else, and in two minutes the whole place would be a-buzz with the glad tidings of some tunnel or "L" road catastrophe that never occurred. On the second day of the strike there drifted in a wonderfully ragged hobo who quietly walked through the gates while the guardians were attending a little private conference in a corner. A dozen men coming down the broad stairway met him at the turn and demanded his business. With singular infelicity he announced: "I'm one of Farley's men."

They all went to the bottom together. It was not an attack; it was a precipitation. Possibly the intruder would have been killed but that the gate guardians and a policeman interfered, dragged him from the bottom of the heap, and cast him forth as an obvious fakir.

"One of Farley's men" was a passport to trouble wherever strikers were gathered together. Farley's men are the strike-breakers, and Farley himself is the one figure in the sorry proceedings who stands out distinctly. He is the general of a professional army. When there is a strike and Farley is sent for he looks over the ground, estimates the situation, and says to his employers: "It will cost ten thousand (or twenty or thirty or fifty thousand, or whatever the price may be) dollars to beat this out."

The money is handed over to him and he goes to work. First he summons his men, of whom he has one thousand or twelve hundred at ready call, most of them practical railroad men, and all of them fighters. In this strike he had probably only a few hundred. These men he places at the danger points. In the course of a long strike those who are bent on violence come, by experience, to have a wholesome respect for Farley's men. Also they hate Farley. He is a sturdy, quick, still man, with decisive manners and the voice of a commander. In the present instance he did his work as a commanding general manages a modern battle, by

telephone. He operated from an uptown room carefully kept secret. Keeping in touch with his lieutenants at all hours of the day and night, he was able, with his natural equipment as a strategist, and his profound knowledge of traction conditions, so to manipulate his force as to have the right men at the right place wherever trouble threatened. In the widest sense, he was the commanding officer of the railroad forces; his orders superseded those of the highest regular officials. On no other conditions does he undertake strike-breaking. This, as may be inferred, keeps him busy; he got four hours' sleep (in his clothes) out of the first sixty of his campaign.

The man in the hospital cot lay groaning. He had a broken leg and two of his ribs had required considerable straightening out. An "entertainment committee" of strikers had operated on him with enthusiasm, and left him to the ambulance surgeon with the expressed belief that there would be "one scab less."

"Doc, am I goin' to die?" he asked, between moans.

"Trash!" retorted the attending surgeon reassuringly. "You'll be as good as new when we let you out."

"Well, I got what was comin' to me," said the "strike-breaker" philosophically. "After this I'm goin' to keep straight!"

"A case of principles gone wrong," commented the doctor.

In the recruiting office of the Interborough stood a sturdy young fellow whose slouch hat and unblackened boots failed entirely to conceal the fact that his clothes were of the most expensive make and material. While he was awaiting his turn one of his companions began to question him.

"What brought you here? Need the money?"

"No."

"Want the experience?"

"Not particularly."

"Like a scrap, maybe," suggested the questioner, estimating the physical value of the youth's square shoulders and long arms.

"That isn't it."

"Then what is it, 'bo?"

"I want to do my part to show these union fellows that the owner of a railroad has got a right to run it to suit himself, and nobody else on earth's got a word to say to it! That's what brings me here."

More years will probably modify that youth's views. Meantime, he, too, represents a principle, and he got the work he sought.

"Half-baked business" is the contemptuous characterization of the proceedings by a Western friend.

"They don't go at the thing in a whole-hearted way," he complains. "Two or three times I've seen the start of what looked like a real lynching bee. They'd run

even arrest him unless he's drunk and shows fight. When there is an arrest, what then? Why, this varmint who ought to get ten years comes up before some milk-and-water police judge, and the judge says, 'Naughty man, that'll cost you three dollars.' I've seen more real trouble in a melodrama."

How a riot starts nobody knows. This is how one doesn't start. The wiry, little red-headed striker stood not far from headquarters under the elevated structure, where the strikers had succeeded in stalling some trains by pulling off the crews. He began to make an oration. His sentences opened like this:

"Shall the arrogant capitalists, drunk with power, be allowed, etc."

"Labor has its rights. The time has come for the downtrodden, etc."

"Will you stand still and see the bread snatched from the mouths of your starving wives, etc."

"They think we're cowards. Let's show 'em that the spirit of liberty burns, etc."

"Now is the time to strike, while the outrages are fresh in the minds, etc."

"Will you be cowards or will you be men? etc."

And he finally got down to the concrete by concluding:

"We've got a couple of their d—n trains tied up [he had taken no part in the proceedings], now let's put the whole line out of business!"

Perhaps a hundred men had gathered to hear him. Half of them started out with him toward the Elevated stairs. They traveled at a trot. They said little. It looked like business.

At the corner they met three policemen. No word said the trio. They just faced about and fingered their clubs. The crowd relaxed to a walk. It stopped and bunched, and straightway rose a hum of conversation concerned with topics of the day. The projected riot, ruin, and carnage was all off. It would have still further convinced my Western friend of the "half-bakedness" of the strike.

"Bluff" plays a large part in this variety of war. At times this rises to the dignity of straight-out lying, but for the most part it is, if hopefully intended, at least not really expected to deceive. Consider, for instance, a parallel of the interviews given out by the leaders of

(Continued on page 25)



ANYTHING TO GET HOME

the man along a block or so, with real blood-curdling language, and you'd suppose that all they needed was a lamp-post. Pretty quick they get tired. Somebody hits the victim in the eye, another man kicks him in the ribs, they throw him in the street and go away. Same way when they start in to do up a train. What's their programme? Why, slash a few bell-ropes and slit a few seats and poke holes in a few windows. Just sheer boyishness. Take the other side; they're just as bad. You hear about the ferocious strike-breakers armed to the teeth and thirsty for gore. What do they do when the strikers get real reckless and lift 'em gently off the trains? Yell for the police. Are the police in earnest? You'd have to prove it. They catch some ornery cuss that's done all his sneaking soul dares, and they don't

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(Continued on page 25)

## MEXICO AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

By GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ

President of the Republic of Mexico



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ

THE passing years find our intercourse with our Northern neighbor to be of the same friendly and cordial character as our diplomatic and other relations have been with that country for some years past, strengthened as those relations are by the growth of common interests which unite the two nations in bonds more solid than the steel rails that weld their great traffic systems. Paramount among these interests in common is the sustained validity of the Monroe Doctrine.

Memorable among the incidents related to that great Republic which have most powerfully attracted the attention and aroused the interest of American nations is the one occurring some few years ago, concerning which reasons of national self-respect and expediency constrain me to say a few words. In connection with an old boundary dispute between Venezuela and the territory known as British Guayana, a dispute gravely aggravated by circumstances into which it is not desirable to inquire, Mr. Cleveland, then President of the United States of America, sent a message to the American Congress, reaffirming as applicable to the controversy in question the famous opinion or doctrine enunciated in a similar document by President Monroe, and which since 1823 has been so popular among the people of America. Naturally the evocation of that doctrine, which condemns all attempts at European aggression, and all tendencies to modify the Republican institutions of the New World in a monarchical direction, aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the free nations of the Western Hemisphere, and gave occasion for demonstrations of sympathy both popular and governmental.

Invitations of an international character were not lacking that the Mexican Government should at once state its opinion in so grave a matter, but the Executive considered that haste was not proper in expressing an opinion as to a subject which involved not only the Monroe Doctrine, but also its applicability to the concrete case of the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela.

As we were not acquainted with the question, as perhaps the Government of the United States specially informed by the Government of Venezuela was acquainted with it, we were not in a position to assume that the claims of England necessarily constituted an attempt at usurpation. Nor could we consider that every boundary dispute in its essence, even though involving debatable points, affords grounds for the application of the wise doctrine in question.

On the other hand, the simple fact that England had refused to submit to arbitration her rights to a part of the disputed territory, while accepting it for the remainder, was not in our opinion a sufficient ground for unfavorable presumptions, seeing that the Mexican Government has declared on more than one

the nation making such a declaration as an attack upon itself, provided that the nation directly attacked or threatened in such manner bespoken the aid of the other nations opportunely. In this manner the doctrine now called by the name of Monroe would become the Doctrine of America in the fullest sense of the word, and although originating in the United States, would belong to the International Law of the American Continents. As to the means to reduce this idea to practice, this is not the place or occasion to discuss them.

occasion that it will not accept arbitration for certain territorial questions especially affecting the honor of the nation.

For those reasons I then declined to make any public statement with regard to a question which affected the interests and most delicate sentiments of three nations equally entitled to our esteem. I simply stated that I was in favor of the Monroe Doctrine rightly interpreted, but that I did not know whether it was applicable to the concrete case in question.

Since that time there has been a kaleidoscope of events which, while bringing the principle acutely before the nations of the world, may not be so fundamentally important.

Without entering into a discussion as to its origin and the historical circumstances which gave rise to its annunciation, without descending to particulars as to its proper limitations, marked out by its author, and so prudently recalled by President Cleveland, and sustained by President McKinley and President Roosevelt, the Mexican Government can not but declare its partiality for a doctrine which condemns as criminal any attack on the part of the monarchies of Europe against the republics of America, against the independent nations of this hemisphere, now all subject to a popular form of government. The whole of our history, and especially the efforts of our people to shake off the yoke of a foreign empire which was European in its origin, form, and resources, the torrents of blood shed in that tremendous struggle, are a sufficient testimony to the world of our love of independence and our abhorrence of all outside interference.

But it is not our opinion that to the United States alone, in spite of the immensity of its resources, belongs the obligation of assisting the other republics of this hemisphere against the attacks of Europe or Asia, if such attacks are still to be considered possible, but for the attainment of the end to which we all aspire, each one of the republics ought by means of a declaration like that of President Monroe proclaim that every attack on the part of a foreign power, with the view of curtailing the territory or the independence, or of altering the institutions of any one of the Republics of America, would be considered by the nation making such a declaration as an attack upon itself, provided that the nation directly attacked or threatened in such manner bespoken the aid of the other nations opportunely. In this manner the doctrine now called by the name of Monroe would become the Doctrine of America in the fullest sense of the word, and although originating in the United States, would belong to the International Law of the American Continents. As to the means to reduce this idea to practice, this is not the place or occasion to discuss them.



# CHICAGO'S STRUGGLE

## THE FIGHT FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP AND THE PRESENT MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN

By H. M. ASHTON



JOHN M. HARLAN, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

CHICAGO is now the storm centre of the great wave of sentiment that is sweeping over the United States on the question of Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities. J. Pierpont Morgan and a coterie of New York and Chicago capitalists are attempting to obtain franchises in Chicago streets estimated to be worth \$200,000,000. Arrayed against the traction interests for the past eight years has been a steadily increasing army of radical thinkers, who will bring the fight to an issue at the spring election.

There are only two prominent mayoralty candidates in the field. The Democratic candidate, Judge Edward F. Dunne, stands on a platform for immediate municipal ownership, while his rival, the Republican candidate, John Maynard Harlan, favors municipal ownership following an attempt at settlement with the traction companies.

The situation in Chicago is unique. It is the only large city in the country in which the licenses to operate have nearly all expired, and it is the only one in which the private capitalists have not a secure grasp in the way of contract rights.

A successful experiment in municipal ownership in Chicago would undoubtedly pave the way for similar action in other cities.

Nearly all the franchise rights of the Chicago companies expired in 1903, and for more than five years preceding that date no improvements of any consequence were made. With a street railway capitalization of \$125,000,000, Chicago now has the poorest street-car service of any large city in the world.

The history of the street railway companies of Chicago is a story of corruption, bribery, extortion, and disregard of contract obligations unparalleled in the annals of municipal government. The man who will bring order out of the traction chaos will be the greatest benefactor that Chicago has ever known.

The original franchise was granted to the Chicago City Railway Company. This company, to evade its contract obligations, sold its rights on the west side of the city to the Chicago West Division Railway Company, and this corporation charged an extra five-cent fare for a ride on its line. On the north side, another company was formed, called the North Chicago City Railway Company. An independent five-cent fare was charged for a ride on this line, too. Instead of one city, one fare, the street-car companies soon arranged so that Chicago had three cities and six fares.

The multiple fare system still exists.

In 1886, progressive Chicago furnished a fruitful field for traction speculation. In this year, there came to

by him, known as the North Chicago Street Railroad Company, with a capital stock of \$13,000,000.

By a remarkable system of juggling with the physical properties, he was enabled to retain control of the operation of lines which he disposed of to his financial dupes. Not a dollar of his own money did he invest in these enterprises. His scheme for getting the proceeds of the sale of the enormous issues of watered stock into his own hands was simple to a man of his resources. He organized the United States Construction Company. He and his Philadelphia associates, P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins, owned all the stock in this corporation.

In the name of the Construction Company, Yerkes then made a contract with the North Chicago Company, which he also controlled, to build a power house and lay tracks, the actual cost of which was \$3,141,741.32. The amount actually paid to the Construction Company was \$6,208,908.29, or a profit of more than three million dollars. This profit was realized afterward by sale of the North Chicago with this fictitious debt as a liability. The same was done with the West Side system.

Yerkes then determined to increase his wealth by corrupting the Legislature. He wanted longer term franchises. Failing in the Legislature of 1895, under Governor Altgeld, and angered by defeat, he decided to name the next Governor of the State of Illinois, which he did, by the lavish use of money in political conventions. In 1897, the notorious Allen Bill, giving the City Council power to extend street railway franchises fifty years, was introduced in the Legislature, backed by a corruption fund of millions. While the measure was pending, a monster demonstration of patriotic Chicago citizens was held at Battery D. Public feeling ran so high that leading business men threatened to head a delegation to Springfield to lynch the legislators who would dare to vote for the bill. But Yerkes' peculiar form of persuasion prevailed and men who went into the Legislature poor came out rich. The Allen Bill was passed.

Yerkes then tried to secure action by the City Council in accordance with the Allen law. A fifty-year street-car ordinance passed the Council, but was vetoed by Mayor Harrison. Yerkes then determined to pass it over the Mayor's veto. The people were aroused. On the night the vote was to be taken, eight thousand gathered in and about the City Hall. From the packed galleries in the Council Chamber ropes were thrown out, and the Aldermen saw nooses dangling above their heads. Outside the City Hall could be heard the roar and threats of thousands of frenzied citizens. The fear of physical violence was stronger than the Yerkes millions and the ordinance did not pass.

An uprising amounting almost to a revolution followed, for the repeal of the iniquitous Allen law. It became the one campaign issue at the next election. Candidates for the Legislature were forced to pledge themselves to rid Chicago of the injustice. Yerkes' legislative tools failed him and the law was repealed.

Chicago's notorious financier then saw the handwriting on the wall. Had he been able to secure longer franchise rights, he would probably not now be in England. He saw that it was time for him to quit Chicago, and before doing so he arranged for a master stroke of financial engineering.

He offered for sale the West and North Side lines. Both were in a dilapidated condition, with franchise rights expiring in a few years, and watered for more than they could stand. His operations were conducted in New York. The Eastern men had the wool pulled over their eyes. They were induced to buy the roads and organized the Union Traction Company, with a capital stock of \$32,000,000. The North and West Chicago and all the underlying companies leased operating rights to the Union Traction. Then followed a sample of corporate greed and reckless financing carried to the highest pitch of human achievement. To lines worth less than \$15,000,000 and already capitalized for \$56,000,000 was added \$32,000,000 more of water.

Yerkes' sale of his properties to the Eastern crowd was a strange transaction in the gold-brick industry.

Heretofore the bricks had been sold by Wall Street to the greenhorns of the West. But in this case, Yerkes handed his Eastern associates some of their own goods. Of course, he could only work such a gigantic swindle on his friends. They trusted him because he was a dividend payer. Before this they had taken his word without question and had reaped profits. So it was that Yerkes unloaded the two great water-logged street railway systems on to the Union Traction Company.

But he did more; not only did he sell the run-down franchise expiring grants to the Union Traction Company, but he turned a trick on his Eastern friends that would have done honor to the most skillful card sharp in the country. He held out a whole street-car system, the Consolidated Traction, with over 90 miles of track and with feeder lines, capitalized at \$15,000,000. The sleight of hand displayed in this transaction was the limit of high-class financial necromancy, for which this remarkable man was famous.

An old operating agreement, held by the Consolidated, giving it rights to run cars over the North and West Side lines to the centre of the city, forced the wise men of the East to buy this line also, and Yerkes was further enriched in the sum of \$6,750,000.

Mr. Yerkes then completed his career of spectacular financing. He had taught the unsophisticated Westerners many things in promotion and finance, things never before dreamed of in Chicago. Then calmly, and with the air of a citizen who deserves to be respected, he disappeared. With him went his alias, the United States Construction Company.

Paying dividends on such enormous capitalization proved an impossible task for the new owners. Many of the franchises were expiring, and, fearing that the city would treat with other companies, the properties of the Union Traction and the North and West Chicago were hurriedly thrown into the hands of a receiver in the United States Court, April 22, 1903. Since that time, they have been operated under the direction of Judge Peter S. Grosscup of the United States Circuit Court.

To the task of protecting the interests of "innocent" purchasers of about \$75,000,000 worth of watered stocks, Judge Grosscup has devoted himself diligently since the receivership proceedings were instituted. He is a judge one day and a special pleader the next. He has attempted to solve the traction situation in Chicago by securing a renewal of the franchises to the companies in the hands of the receivers in his court. He recently visited New York to discuss the formation of a syndicate for the purpose of purchasing the lines on the South Side owned by the Chicago City Railway Company, the only solvent street railway corporation in Chicago. His plan was to unify the systems, and if he could induce the city to grant new franchises, to end the receivership.

Following his visit, the traction syndicate, headed by J. P. Morgan of New York, Marshall Field and John J. Mitchell of Chicago, was formed to secure new franchises. These men, on February 1st of this year, purchased control of the City Railway, capitalized at \$18,000,000. It cost them \$36,000,000. They have no definite proposition to offer to the city, although it is apparent they must secure terms that will enable them to swing a financial deal of \$150,000,000—dividends on which would have to be paid out of the street-car nickels.

The companies also defy the city and claim rights in the streets, under a legislative grant known as the 99-Year Act, which was passed in 1865 by an admittedly corrupt Legislature.

Judge Grosscup has recently decided that the act is constitutional, but holds that it extends to only a small part of the mileage covered by the Union Traction system. He has been criticised severely for every deci-



JUDGE EDWARD F. DUNNE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, AND HIS FAMILY

Chicago Charles T. Yerkes, one of the most unscrupulous, farseeing men in American life; a man whose methods at one time landed him in an Eastern penitentiary. He was the brains of one of the most stupendous stock-jobbing schemes in the history of street railways. Taking the Chicago West Division that had stocks and bonds of \$5,000,000, part of which represented water, he acquired the Chicago Passenger Railway with \$3,000,000 capitalization. He then leased the right to operate over these two roads to a new company formed by him—the West Chicago Street Railway Company, with a capital stock of \$25,000,000. On the north side he did the same. He took the North Chicago City Railway with a capital of \$3,000,000, and leased operating rights to a new company organized

by him, known as the North Chicago Street Railroad Company, with a capital stock of \$13,000,000. By a remarkable system of juggling with the physical properties, he was enabled to retain control of the operation of lines which he disposed of to his financial dupes. Not a dollar of his own money did he invest in these enterprises. His scheme for getting the proceeds of the sale of the enormous issues of watered stock into his own hands was simple to a man of his resources. He organized the United States Construction Company. He and his Philadelphia associates, P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins, owned all the stock in this corporation.

In the name of the Construction Company, Yerkes then made a contract with the North Chicago Company, which he also controlled, to build a power house and lay tracks, the actual cost of which was \$3,141,741.32. The amount actually paid to the Construction Company was \$6,208,908.29, or a profit of more than three million dollars. This profit was realized afterward by sale of the North Chicago with this fictitious debt as a liability. The same was done with the West Side system.

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**Distance is no objection**  
We ship promptly everywhere  
We have 250,000 satisfied patrons

If you want to buy a first-class Piano or Organ at factory cost we invite you to write to us to-day for our remarkable collection of aids to purchasers.

### FREE

1. The Beautiful Cornish Album, a marvel of printing, color and design.
2. A set of colored and embossed Miniature Piano and Organ.



3. Our unique registered reference book—5,000 recent purchasers' names and addresses—some that you know.
4. Our plan to give every purchaser \$5 FREE music lessons—the most successful tuition in the world.

All these FREE if you write AT ONCE and mention this periodical

**REMEMBER!!!** we make here in our own large and complete Factory in beautiful northern New Jersey, the World Renowned Cornish American Pianos and Organs. We employ hundreds of skilled mechanics, and we build and sell at First Cost direct to the general public the finest Piano and Organ in America. You can't get a Cornish if you don't come to us direct, and if you do we insure your satisfaction by our iron-clad bond backed up by a Million Dollars of Plant and Property. Don't think of buying elsewhere—Get the Cornish piano first.

**\$10 First Payment**  
Balance \$5 a month or at your convenience

Established 50 Years

**CORNISH CO.**  
Washington, New Jersey

## CHICAGO'S STRUGGLE

(Continued from page 19)

sion made in the traction litigation. Every move made by the city toward enforcement of its important legal rights has been met by an injunction. The Court even went so far as to prohibit minority stockholders from pursuing their rights in the State Courts. This injunction was set aside by the United States Court of Appeals, in an opinion teeming with criticisms.

Judge Grosscup takes the position that he is not administering the property for the creditors, but that the receivership must be continued in the interest of stockholders. The proceedings pending before Judge Grosscup present a most complicated mass of legal entanglements.

The cost of the receivership has been enormous. It comes from the nickels also. The four receivers are each paid \$25,000 per year. More than twenty-five lawyers are interested in the litigation. They all receive fees, most of them from the nickels. Two attorneys were recently allowed \$10,000 each by the Court for arguing a single motion which did not call for a judicial decision.

On May 28, 1904, Judge Grosscup delivered an oral opinion on the validity of the so-called 99-Year Act. That opinion was adverse to the city's rights and sustained most of the contentions of the companies. The lack of public confidence in the soundness of his decision may be accounted for by the fact that Judge Grosscup has appointed Marshall E. Sampson, the clerk of his own court, as one of the receivers in the traction suit at a remuneration of \$25,000 a year, while the Judge himself gets but a \$7,000 salary; from the fact that the Judge and Mr. Sampson live in the same house at Highland Park, and are interested together in a street railroad enterprise at Mattoon, Illinois; from the fact that the only decision on the traction matter that has been passed upon by the higher courts has been reversed by the unanimous judgment of the Circuit Court of Appeals; and from the further fact that Judge Grosscup—"The Enjoiner"—has himself been recently enjoined by the judgment of the Circuit Court of Cabell County, West Virginia, from combining with Judge Gary, of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, and other monopoly promoters in organizing a Gas Trust, in violation of the anti-trust laws of West Virginia. These actions have caused intense indignation among all classes.

The people of Chicago are impatient at the extraordinary delays that attend the traction litigation. Although Judge Grosscup's opinion on the 99-Year Act was handed down in May, 1904, no order was entered in court until the 1st of March, 1905, and then the order dealt only with the properties of the West Chicago Company, leaving the other questions still undecided. Had the traction litigation been carried on with anything like the despatch that has attended other litigation of public importance, the question of the validity of the 99-Year Act would already have been determined by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The 99-year claim of the company is the centre artery of the whole body of the traction proposition. A decision against the companies would burst the great traction stock bubble and make municipal ownership in Chicago an immediate possibility. Chicago will fight the 99-year claim to the court of last resort.

Reckless financiering, watering of stock, and disregard of public service have gradually driven the people of Chicago to advocate public ownership of their street railways. Chicago owns and operates her own water system and it is one of the best in the country. She has civil service in all departments of city government; perfection has not been reached, but it is as efficient as any street-car organization.

In 1901 a law was passed in Illinois which provided that on the petition of 25 per cent of the voters of the city any question of public policy might be submitted to the people at an election. This simple provision for the referendum has prevented the extension of street railway franchises.

Chicago has twice taken a referendum vote on municipal ownership. Both times the proposition was carried by large majorities. Up to April 5, 1904, the city had no power to own and operate street railways. At a session of the Legislature, held in 1903, a bill known as the Mueller law was passed, giving the city this right. The law was wrong from an unwilling Legislature by sheer force of public opinion and after a convulsion of sentiment that ended in a parliamentary riot at Springfield, in which a disgraced and cowering Speaker who tried to override a majority of the House took refuge among the women who had gathered in order to save himself from physical violence. The barricade of petticoats brought in for the occasion did not save the usurper. He ran away, but in his absence the House reorganized, arranged a plan of action, and at the adjourned meeting the majority forced a roll call and once more the people triumphed over the traction interests.

Every effort on the part of the city to compel the companies to improve the disgraceful mixture of horse car, cable car, and electric system has been met by the statement: "Give us further franchises and we will improve the service, but on no other condition."

In August, 1904, an ordinance was introduced in the City Council, providing for a 20-year franchise extension to the City Railway Company. Mayor Harrison threatened to sign the ordinance. The little ballot and the referendum once more came to the rescue of municipal ownership advocates. In three weeks' time 135,000 voters petitioned to have the ordinance submitted to a vote on April 4, 1905.

This petition has blocked the efforts of the traction magnates to secure franchises.

The street railway companies are under indictment before the tribunal in which every elector in the City of Chicago is one of the jurors. In the Supreme Court of Public Opinion their case is to be tried. The issues are clearly defined. The charges in the indictment are: The corporations have reaped enormous profits in excess of fair returns; that one company in a single year paid dividends in cash and stock bonuses of \$13,435,000 on \$7,000,000 worth of stock, and that the same company has paid from 1882 to 1903 42 per cent a year on its capital stock. It is further charged that the companies have evaded their contract obligations with the city; that the rolling stock is inadequate, filthy, and dangerous to the public health; that they have betrayed the confidence of the people in every way; that they have bribed juries in accident

## JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING— An advertising trade journal published in Chicago says:

"About as good advertising as any that is running in the magazines is the copy of Herbert D. Shivers, of Philadelphia, who goes about popularizing his Panetelas in a sincere and fair-spoken manner."

There is something about the whole tone of this advertising that makes you feel that you are considering the proposition of a square and honest fellow, who has "the goods" to "deliver," and who is willing to take the burden of the proof upon himself, if you will only show sufficient interest to get in touch with him.

The Shivers proposition and its mode of statement have been carefully copied by taggers-on, but none of them have been able to give to their advertising that whole-souled, convincing ring—that friendly, hail-fellow spirit—that the real thing possesses."

Thank you.

My old school master taught me that language could be used in two ways—"To express thought and to conceal it."

In my advertising, I have simply tried to state the facts regarding my business. In this I have nothing to conceal, consequently have no reason to try to juggle words, to make them say one thing and mean another.

**MY GUARANTEE**  
IS—We guarantee that Shivers' Panetela Cigars are clean, clear selected long Havana filler, and selected genuine Sumatra wrapper.

This guarantee is on every box of Shivers Panetelas. There is no room in this for equivocation, and I would not dare to put it there, were it not true, hence my offer to send my cigars on approval to any discriminating smoker and let him judge for himself whether I over-state the facts concerning them.

**MY OFFER IS:** I will upon request send to a reader of Collier's, one hundred Shivers Panetela cigars, express prepaid, on approval. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased. If he is satisfied and keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price for them (\$5.) within ten days.

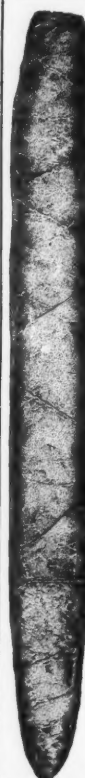
I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

And there is no room to juggle words in that offer. I fail to see how any smoker could refuse to accept it, provided \$5. per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. I know and my customers know that I am selling them cigars at wholesale prices.

In ordering, please use business letter-head, or enclose business card, and state whether strong, medium or mild cigars are preferred. Write me if you smoke.

**HERBERT D. SHIVERS**

906 Filbert St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



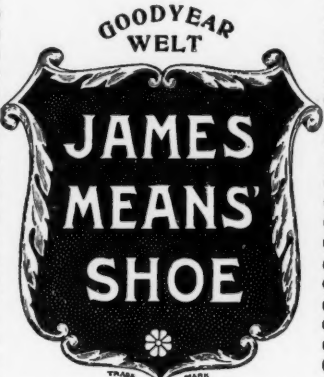
SHIVERS' PANETELA  
ELEGANT SIZE AND SHAPE



THE RETAIL PRICES OF THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN ARE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, NAMELY

**\$250 and \$300**

DELIVERY FREE!!



BE SURE THAT THE ABOVE FAMOUS TRADE-MARK IS STAMPED ON THE SOLE

A trade-mark shoe is one upon which the manufacturer's reputation is staked all the time.

## THE James Means Shoe FOR MEN

(called by the trade "The Pioneer") has been widely known and highly regarded for more than a quarter of a century. It is sold by leading retailers and we prefer to have you buy of them, but if your retailers cannot supply you we will send, *delivery free*, to any postoffice or express office in the U. S. on receipt of price—\$2.50 or \$3.00, according to style. We make these goods in great variety. Many styles carried constantly in stock at factory. Drop us a postal card and we will send you instructions for measuring and ordering.

Ask for *Booklet No. 7*. It illustrates our various styles.

Our *Precision System* of self-measurement insures accuracy of fit.

This MODEL NO. 2600 is an especial favorite with the Younger men. BLUCHER OXFORD KRAKNIT PATENT LEATHER MEDIUM SOLE MILITARY HEEL

Price **\$3.00**  
Delivery Free in U. S.



If you prefer a tan colored Blucher Oxford, order Model No. 2602. Russia Calif. Half Military Heel. Same price as No. 2600. Many other styles carried in stock at factory.

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES—If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity, we are prepared to make you an interesting offer. Send postal to-day. Our large force of salesmen cover the U. S. Would you like to receive a call from the one in your district? Ask for *Booklet No. 7*.

CHARLES A. EATON CO. MAKERS BROCKTON, MASS.

## CHICAGO'S STRUGGLE

(Continued from page 20)

cases; that their attorneys and agents have been convicted of such crimes, and that they have taken possession of more than sixty miles of public streets of Chicago without any grant or ordinance whatsoever.

The advocates of immediate municipal ownership make the following arguments to sustain their position:

The majority of the people want municipal ownership and they are entitled to have it; that the streets should not be used for speculative purposes; that the street-car magnates' sole aim is profit, whereas the public wants good service at low cost.

The leaders in this movement refuse to take any middle ground; they want to meet the issue now. They say that under municipal ownership a great temptation will be removed from public officials, and point to the fifty-nine cities of Great Britain as examples of public ownership destroying corruption in municipal life.

One great problem that confronts the immediate municipal ownership advocates is how to raise the money necessary to acquire the lines. Chicago has no money in her treasury that could be used for this purpose, but certificates could be issued under the

UNION TRACTION	
CO.	\$32,000,000.
CONSOLIDATED TRACTION CO.	6,750,000.
NORTH CHICAGO ST. R.R. CO.	13,220,000.
NORTH CHICAGO CITY R.R. CO.	3,000,000.
WEST CHICAGO ST. R.R. CO.	25,370,000.
PASSENGER R.R. CO.	3,046,300.
WEST DIVISION	5,266,000.
Total	\$88,652,300
NOT INCLUDING \$15,000,000 OF CON. TR. CO. STOCK EXCHANGED FOR \$6,750,000 BONDS	
CHICAGO CON. TR. CO.	\$6,750,000 BONDS
	15,000,000 STOCK
NORTH CHICAGO ST. R.R. CO.	
ST. R.R. CO.	\$12,720,000
N. CHICAGO CITY R.R. CO.	3,000,000
W. CHICAGO ST. R.R. CO.	25,370,000
PASSENGER R.R. CO.	3,046,300
WEST DIVISION	5,266,000
Total	\$49,902,300
NORTH CHICAGO CITY R.R. CO.	
ST. R.R. CO.	\$3,500,000
WEST CHICAGO ST. R.R. CO.	
ST. R.R. CO.	\$25,370,000
PASSENGER R.R. CO.	3,046,300
WEST DIVISION	5,266,000
Total	\$33,682,300
CHICAGO PASSENGER R.R. CO.	
ST. R.R. CO.	\$3,046,300
WEST DIVISION	\$5,266,000
Total	\$8,312,300
CHICAGO WEST DIV.	
ST. R.R. CO.	\$5,266,000

### INFLATION OF CHICAGO TRACTION CAPITAL

terms of the Mueller law, and prominent financiers say that the required amount could be raised.

The Republicans urge that the city has no money, and that Mueller Law Certificates could not be sold; that to turn over a great business enterprise like the street railways to politicians would increase corruption; that the 99-year claim of the companies will require years of litigation before it can be settled, and that municipal ownership can be brought in more quickly, safely, and successfully by a new short-time contract—if the companies can be brought to accept it—than by complicated litigation.

These opposing forces are now lined up for the great struggle in the Mayoralty campaign. The Republicans have nominated John M. Harlan, son of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Harlan is an athletic, vigorous, and forceful man. He is the author of the Harlan Report of the City Council of 1898, the first real contribution to traction literature, a document that has been of great service in the education of the people, who desire the overthrow of private ownership.

The Democratic candidate, Judge Edward F. Dunne, takes a radical position. He denounces what he calls a plan for turning over "franchises worth \$300,000,000 to J. P. Morgan and the coterie of capitalists associated with him." He is determined to fight the issue out in the courts even if the city is thereby temporarily afflicted with the continuance of a service which is already intolerably bad.

He believes that Chicago can have immediate municipal ownership in spite of the legal and financial difficulties in the way. He has declared his willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of working out this stupendous problem. He is opposed to the extension of franchises on any terms.



To those to whom a watch means a time-keeper and nothing else the Ingersoll is everything that any watch could be—it keeps accurate time. Most watches are primarily pieces of jewelry—that is, their cases are gold or other expensive material, and the works are studded with jewels. This is attractive and desirable, if you like, but not necessary to an accurate timepiece, as ten million Ingersoll watches have proved.

The Ingersoll Watch is first, last and always a timepiece, but this does not mean that it is crude or unsightly. On the contrary, it is neat and attractive, of the conventional size and appearance.

Every one ought to own a watch when a good watch can be had for a dollar. The fact that the Ingersoll is a good watch and will keep time is fully covered by the guarantee found in every watch.

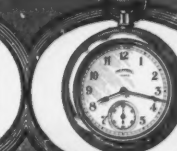
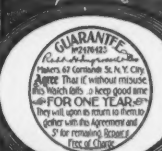
Ingersoll Watches, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.50. Booklet free.

Sold by 50,000 dealers, or post-paid by us.

Ask for an Ingersoll, and see that the name is on the dial.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

Dept. 58, 51 Maiden Lane, New York



**Ingersoll**  
Dollar Watch

Look for name on dial

## Add \$300 a Year To Your Salary

YOU can do it easily. It won't take time from your regular business, either.

Just an hour or so in the evening at your convenience.

And you can do it if you're a bank president, without loss of dignity.

Become a local sales agent for the Oliver Typewriter.

Sell a few machines a year, with our assistance—with the help of our experience—our knowledge of typewriters—our regular correspondence—our traveling salesmen, and you can easily add \$300 a year to your salary.

Many of our local agents do more than that—some make 300 a month—several have big offices with from five to twelve assistants and many of our big salaried men—the heads of departments, managers, etc., were at one time local sales agents.

Now it isn't hard to sell



The Standard Visible Writer

For the Oliver is the business man's typewriter.

It does better work at less cost than the ordinary typewriter.

It is simplified in construction, has only 503 parts, in place of the 4,000 of the ordinary typewriter—hence fewer wearing points to give out—less repairs to be made; does clearer, neater work; has the writing in sight; can be easily learned; and is more satisfactory in every way than any other typewriter.

We find that Competition simply demonstrates the superiority of the Oliver over every other typewriter.

Now we make special terms with local agents. And you can be a local agent—if there is no other in your town—if you are the right man.

Write today for full information as to prices. Don't put it off, for as soon as territory is represented we can't appoint another local agent. And we're receiving many inquiries. Write today.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.  
149 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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## True heating economy.

The home builder discredits the best value of his property at the very start unless he puts in steam or hot water heating.

## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

bring a quicker transaction at a higher price in the event of sale or lease of the property.

Meanwhile they produce true heating comfort for the owner, protect the family health, reduce his fuel bills, require no repairs, are dustless, simpler to run than a parlor stove, and they outlast the building.

Unlike stoves or hot-air furnaces, our Boilers and Radiators are made upon the unit or sectional plan, so that if the building is made larger, or the rooms altered (65% of all buildings are rebuilt) extra sections or parts may be readily added or removed. Hence, to buy IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators is an investment—not an expense.

Whether your building is OLD or new, SMALL or large, farm or city, send for our booklet (free) "Heating Investments Successful."

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 31. CHICAGO



## A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN AND INDEPENDENCE

Our money will establish you in a successful tailoring business. We furnish you free hundreds of samples, give the necessary simple instructions and advertise you extensively. You take the measurements—we make the garments. Our representatives are now earning large profits and we are going to have one in every town in the country.

Our \$15.00 Suits Are Great Trade Builders

Our large variety of styles at this price kill competition. An absolute guarantee with every suit. You can start now, address at once, Dept. 1, THE GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO., 147-149 Fifth-av., Chicago, Ill.



## Your children

How long will you take care of them? As long as you live? How about afterwards? Send for our booklet, "The How and the Why?"

We Insure by mail

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

## Big Four Route

If Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois lie between you and your destination, go by the Big Four. Best service to New York or Boston going east, or Florida, south; to California, Colorado and Texas, west.

Inquire of our agents

WARREN J. LYNCH, G. P. & T. A., Cincinnati

## This Suit of Serge To Order \$15



**W**E want to be your regular Tailors.

The first pattern we cut for you will eat up most of the profit on a single suit, at the price we charge for it—\$15.

But, we can make money on your second and third Suits, cut from the same pattern.

That's what we're after—your Second and Third Suits.

We can only be sure of your order for these if the first suit fits you better than your home Tailor ever fitted you for twice our price.

We will give you Chicago Style in your suit—right up to the minute—city style.

We won't put Silk Linings into it, however, nor fancy buttons, nor a "Swell" Label on it.

But we will put as good cloth into it, at \$15.00, as the fashionable Tailors in Chicago will give you for \$30.00.

We'll give you as much style, and fit you to your own full satisfaction, or no pay.

Now these are not mere words but legal facts, upon which you may base your purchase.

We make your first Suit To Order for you—at our own risk—for \$15.00.

The pattern alone will cost us about \$3.50 to design, and the materials will cost about \$8.00, to say nothing of our Journeymen Tailors' wages.

But we risk this outlay without a penny of payment on account, if you order a Suit from us now, before the rush of trade sets in.

We will ship that suit to you, when made, so that you can try it on, before you pay a cent towards it.

If you don't like it, send it back at our expense.

That ought to show you how sure we are about fitting you right—by our Auto-Measurement System.

But, we want you to order your first suit from our fadeless Navy Livingston Serge.

Because, that Cloth can be shaped by the needle better than any cloth we know of.

And, it holds its shape better than other Cloths, so that it is always a lasting advertisement for us.

This "Livingston Serge" is woven for us in a small Factory which we absolutely control.

It is not made to merely look well in the piece, so as to sell by the yard, at a long profit, to Tailors.

It is made for honest service, and shape-retention.

No money is wasted in putting on an artificial finish and gloss, that the first dampening and shrinking (before cutting) removes.

Every yard of it is made from fine long-fibred Australian Worsted Wool. This is soft, elastic, and full of life. It has a fine natural gloss, splendid wear, and holds the dye forever.

We insist upon this expensive grade of Australian Wool being used in all our Serge.

Because, we can save far more in Tailors' hand-labor, when making this cloth into Suits, than the extra cost of the finest wool.

We mean that this Live Australian Wool can be shaped to the human form, by the Tailors' needle, much better and easier, than the harsh, dry, cloths that cost less, but look as well in the piece.

Besides, this "Livingston Serge" comes to us at what it costs the Mill we control to weave it, without any Millers, Wholesalers, or other profit upon it.

That's one reason why we can give you a Suit for \$15.00 that any Gentleman may be proud to wear anywhere.

Our Sample Book contains a large range of other cloths, in fancy patterns of latest design.

But we hope you'll try a Suit of "Livingston Navy Serge" first of all. Because neither you nor we risk anything on the fit and wear of that.

And, a Navy Serge Suit is always correct dress, always in fashion, always gentlemanly and stylish. You'll find "Livingston Serge" mighty hard to wear out. You'll also find it holds its rich dark-blue color (not purplish, nor French-blue) until it is worn out.

Let us send you a sample of "Livingston Serge" with our Fashion Plate, and our legally signed Guarantee of "Fit and Satisfaction or No Pay."

Write us now while you think of it. Address

**Meyer Livingston Sons Dept. A**  
13th Floor Trude Bldg. Chicago

## RATIONAL TREATMENT of Stomach Diseases

Means:

Discard Injurious Drugs

use

# Glycozone

A Harmless, Powerful Germicide

Send twenty-five cents to pay postage on **Free Trial Bottle**. Sold by leading druggists. Not genuine without my signature:

*Prof. Charles H. Hirsch*

59 H Prince St., N. Y.

Write for free booklet on Rational Treatment of Disease.

## If Building or Decorating

the house, you should consult  
some acknowledged authority  
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## BUSTING TRUSTS IN KANSAS

(Continued from page 12)

Railway Commission act, providing for a commission to fix rates, classifications, etc.

State Refinery bill, by which Kansas is to go into the oil business and run an independent refinery operated by convict labor.

Such are the trust-busters, passed all within a week, to the Rooseveltian cry of "A square deal—that's all." The enemy sent a lobby up to Topeka, but it was unsuccessful. The bills went through and are now laws, and the Legislature does not meet again for two years. Before the busters had gone back to their farms and country law offices and oil wells and ranches, paeans of gratitude were telegraphed up from the oil country. The new freight rates were already in effect and shipments under them began. "We're on even terms now," came the glad shout from such centres as Humboldt. "If the Standard can make money, we can."

Everybody seems to feel confident of the anti-discrimination and the maximum freight rate laws. Few but the oil men themselves and the more robust trust-busters hope for much from the State refinery scheme. Kansas is already in the bindery twine business, and supplies its own farmers with about one-seventh of all the twine they use. But oil refining is a very much more complex business than the making of twine. Governor Hoch himself believes in it, not as a sockless trust-buster-in-chief, but as an up-and-doing executive ready to take any likely means to help his people out. Traced to his lair in the State House, the chief of the busters admitted that he had heard of Socialism, speaking thus:

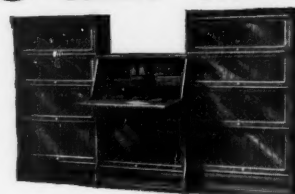
"I conducted an argument in my paper once with a Socialist. We kept it up for some time, and I believe I am not unfamiliar with the subject, looked at as a present-day theory or historically. What I maintain is that the Standard Oil Company as it has developed and is now conducted, is Socialism. It is the most complete and striking example of industrial Socialism in existence, with the benefits diverted, however, from the State to individuals. It was not a theory that confronted us here in Kansas. It was simply a question of mere business existence. All we ask or can ask is to make legitimate competition possible. If the State refinery can successfully enter the field, all well and good. If the Standard Oil Company, with the help of the railroads, makes it impossible for the State refinery to exist, that is to say, if they put up the price of crude oil so that the producer can not afford to sell to us and lower the price of the refined product, so that the consumer can not afford to buy of us, we shall feel, anyway, that we have accomplished the desired result." The suggestion was made to Mr. Hoch that it appeared to be a case of playing both ends against the middle. The Governor gravely assented that it was.

Speaker Stubbs, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and the most powerful factor in the politics of Kansas, is one of those who believes in the trust-busting legislation in a general way, but does not stand for Kansas going into the oil business. Mr. Stubbs is a large man with red hair and a very well regulated head under it. He managed Mr. Hoch's boss-busting campaign against the State machine, and then after he was elected broke all records as a pacifier and healer of factional wounds, even taming the Hon. "Cy" Leland, whom Kansans reckoned untamable. He is a railroad contractor and a man of wealth, though he still adopts the large black slouch hat and the usual disguises of the sunflower statesman. It was night and pitchy dark when we penetrated to the retreat of this presiding officer of a Legislature that had passed five hundred and forty bills in fifty days—a humble trust-buster's hut on the outskirts of Topeka, strangely resembling the typical suburban villa of a New York banker or broker, with a driveway leading up to it and surrounded by a tall hedge in the English manner. The grand vizier, so to say, of the Governor sat before a broad open fireplace watching the blazing logs. As he conversed he shifted the big slouch hat from the table near by to his forehead and talked out of the shadow cast by its brim, in very much the manner used on the stage by Mr. Ade's "County Chairman."

Mr. Stubbs was, on the whole, very much satisfied with the work of the Legislature. Outside of the oil agitation, it had put the machinery of the State Government on a more business-like basis than it had ever been before. The oil refinery wasn't good. But the maximum freight rate law was all right. So was the anti-discrimination scheme. Both allowed of competition on a fair basis. "If the independent producer can't shift for himself on those terms," said Mr. Stubbs, "why, we don't need him. A fair business chance is all he wants, and with these laws he will get it."

And that is about the size of it. Governor Hoch and Speaker Stubbs represent fairly well the sentiment of the people of Kansas. In the oil fields themselves the enthusiasm is intense. The statesmen have all gone home now, but before they went, they had the satisfaction of seeing trains come up from the oil fields at \$50 a car, cheaper freight rate than before the busters began to bust. The refinery project is being pushed. It may or may not be a success, but the people have shown that they have some fight in them. They have "done" things where other States would have taken it out in talk, added another golden petal to the fair sunflower fame of Kansas.

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## LINCOLN AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

By W. J. GHENT

THAT Abraham Lincoln, frontiersman and country lawyer, came to hold views on the relations of capital and labor far in advance of his time, and, indeed, of so radical a nature as to be remarkable considering his environment, is generally recognized. But radical speakers and writers have frequently made more of his attitude on this problem than the facts warrant. Expressions have been attributed to him which he did not utter, and into his acknowledged expressions have been read meanings which he could not have intended.

For the last ten or twelve years a curious *mélange* of politico-economic utterances attributed to him has been appearing intermittently in the radical press. Radical orators have also taken it up. Recently it has been reproduced as a broadside by a New England minister, and thus a still more intensive sowing has been given to it. As usually printed it is as follows:

### LINCOLN'S VOICE TO-DAY

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my forebodings may be groundless.

"Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a refuge from the power of the people. In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit to raise a warning voice against the approach of returning despotism. It is not needed nor fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask brief attention. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. I bid the laboring people beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

"In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of mankind, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and since then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labor. And inasmuch as most good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened, in all ages of the world, that some have labored, and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government.

"It seems strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

These paragraphs are printed usually as a connected whole, and are generally credited to one of the messages to Congress. In their most recent publication, however, a slight variation is furnished by crediting them to the "Message to Congress, 1861" (which message not specified), and to "a letter to a friend, now in possession of a Maine physician."

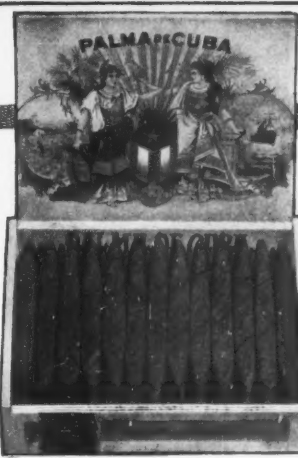
As a matter of fact, the passage is a hodge-podge of forgery, misquotation, and verbal legerdemain. Some of the sentences are not Lincoln's; some are only in part his, while others, though his, are, by removal from their context and association with other passages, made to give misleading implications.

The first paragraph is almost certainly a forgery. The style is not Lincoln's, nor in so far as any one can now say, are the sentiments. Nowhere among his authenticated utterances is there to be found anything resembling either the form or the substance of this paragraph. No one has ever been able to show the original in Lincoln's hand, and repeated demands for its production have met only vague assertions of its existence in some other and generally remote place.

The second paragraph is a corruption of what actually appears in the first annual message, December 3, 1861, the substance of which had been previously expressed in speeches delivered in Cincinnati and Milwaukee in the fall of 1859. The text is inexpressibly corrupt, words and whole sentences being omitted, and a number of words being interpolated. On the whole, however, the textual errors do not alter the sense. The expressions regarding the relations of labor and capital represent exactly what Lincoln thought, and are a striking instance of his social radicalism. But a wholly misleading effect is given to his references to monarchy and his warning of a "returning despotism," by removing the sentences in which they are contained from their original context, and

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## Lincoln and the Social Problem

(Continued from page 23)

placing them within new surroundings. As the passage stands, the reader is led to believe that Lincoln is warning the workingmen of a threat of despotism in the North—presumably of a capitalistic intent to install a monarchy. Nothing was further from his thought. The argument from which this passage is taken is a vigorous indictment of the Confederate leaders on the ground that they are warring "upon the first principle of popular government—the rights of the people."

The third paragraph has no connection with the one that precedes it. It is a fragment from a discussion of the tariff, and bears, in the authentic Lincoln records, the presumptive date of December 1, 1847. The text is comparatively free from error.

The fourth paragraph is taken, slightly altered, from the immortal Second Inaugural, March 4, 1865. It has to do, however, not with the labor question, but with the slavery question. The fifth paragraph is a mere generalization, with no particular application except as to the fundamental right of the people to amend or overthrow their government when it fails to answer their purposes. It is from the First Inaugural, March 4, 1861.

As an expression, therefore, of Lincoln's views on modern industrial problems, these paragraphs are not what they pretend to be. Manipulated to their present form, they are intended to show that Lincoln saw, during his last years, the rise of a "money power," bent upon the restriction of the suffrage and the seizure of authority, and thus threatening the political and social structure of the nation. But there is no trustworthy evidence that he had any such apprehensions. Nor, contrary to what has often been inferred from the foregoing paragraphs, is there any reason for supposing that he anticipated, except in the most general way, any of the ideas of modern Socialism. With all his sympathy for the working class, he remained more of a Jeffersonian than a Marxian. The Utopian Socialism of Greeley's "Tribune" in the forties and fifties must doubtless have affected him, consciously or unconsciously, and probably had much to do with the form which many of his expressions took. But for all that, he seems never to have departed from the ideal of the "middle-class scramble" of fifty years ago as the destined order of society in America. Only a year before his death, he declared: "That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise." The modern phenomenon of ten millions of human beings in this nation in a more or less constant state of poverty was one which he could not have foreseen.

Lincoln's sympathy with workingmen was always sincere and deep, and it was sensibly deepened during his Presidency by the innumerable evidences constantly revealed to him of working-class devotion to the Union cause. Such declarations as those of the Workingmen's Association of New York City, and the workingmen of London and Manchester, England, drew from him expressions of the warmest gratitude and praise. The action of the starving cotton operatives of Manchester in refusing to petition the British Government to intervene to bring the Civil War to a close, and instead sending Lincoln resolutions of encouragement and congratulation, touched him deeply. "I can not but regard your decisive utterances upon the question," he writes, January 19, 1863, "as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country." To the delegation of the Workingmen's Association of New York City, who visited him on March 21, 1864, he repeated in full his declarations regarding labor and capital from the first annual message, and added: "Let them [the working people] beware of prejudices, working division and hostility among themselves. The most notable feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues and kindreds."

It is not needed that the utterances of Lincoln should be juggled in order to make them the expressions of a sense of close kinship with the toiling masses. Throughout his life he gave the most unmistakable evidences of this feeling. Moreover, he gave frequent expression to the historical fact of the priority of labor to capital, and he used it as an argument for the dictum that "labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration." He even qualified his Jeffersonianism with the Socialistic declaration that "to secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government." And he publicly expressed his thankfulness that he lived in a society wherein dissatisfied workmen could strike, instancing the strikes of 1858-59 in the North as an argument against the servile labor of the South. But so much admitted, it is a mistake to go further and attribute to him opinions regarding the social order which were not current in his time. So far as can now be judged, he knew nothing of a "money power," nothing of the theory of surplus value, or of the economic interpretation of history or of the class struggle. He was, in the light of modern thought, far more advanced in his social beliefs than any other man who had held the office of President. But to suppose him capable of comprehending a future which was then but dimly foreshadowed, and of originating ideas which his environment could not normally have produced, is to regard him not as a man, but as a miracle.



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## STUDIES OF A STRIKE

(Continued from page 18)

the strike, and the management of the company, within twenty-four hours of the inception of the struggle, when both sides were anticipating a long and arduous fight. Boiled down, the statements come to this:

**For the Strikers**  
PEPPER—We can't lose. HEDLEY—The fight is won.  
JENCKS—They're beaten. BRYAN—We've broken the already.

Harmless enough this sort of thing may be, but the spirit that inspires it assumes more questionable aspect when it is expressed in terms of fake rumors emanating from strike headquarters, detailing imaginary catastrophes with the object of terrorizing the public, or of solemn asseverations from the traction authorities that the operation of the road is in thoroughly competent hands, when more than half the positions are filled by green trainmen. And even when we are assured on all sides that "the strike is all over," the Elevated roads still run on an uncomfortably reduced schedule, and the Subway stations continue to be manned by detachments of police at the public expense.



Screens to Protect the Strike-Breakers

Perhaps, after all, the city would accept its strike discomforts more equably if some one in authority would try the experiment of telling the truth for once.

Perhaps the most astonishing phase of it all was the swiftness of its decline. Not always does a strike win with public sentiment back of it; it never wins without that backing. When the national organizations said to the local strikers, "You're not playing fair," the virtue for fighting went out of them. From that moment the issue was decided. Then came the melancholy aftermath; the unavailing scramble for jobs that had suddenly assumed the importance of necessities of life; the appeals of the strikers' families that they be not punished for the errors of those to whom they must look for food and shelter; the flat, sullen helplessness of the beaten and forsaken organization, the blackened record of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the foremost labor organization of the country for intelligence, loyalty, efficiency, and fair dealing, which in its history had never broken a pledge or dishonored an agreement until the motormen of the Interborough deliberately went back on their given and signed word. They were promptly expelled, but the stigma remains. Finally, at this writing, a week after it is "all over," the roads are still giving a service so limping and inefficient as to suggest some weakness of system not so much caused by the strike as exposed by it.

### IF I BUT KNEW

By PORTER EMERSON BROWN

"YOUR time will come," they tell me,  
But what I'd like to know  
Is where that time will come from,  
And where it's going to go.  
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## ONE SUMMER'S DAY

(Continued from page 16)

But the tender Girl, divining it, poured out her heart to Jane, at intervals, in lavish gratitude.

"How absurd and ridiculous we must seem to you!" she exclaimed in loving apology. "Life seems to me just a big garden—a garden just like this beautiful one of yours and Cousin John's. I shall never forget it. It is a kind of picture of what life can be when one is loved. And when I go away with Harry I shall always think of you and Cousin John as being in this garden—happy just like us. No wonder you look so young, dear. I can just fancy how Cousin John talks nonsense to you as Harry does to me, out on the lake, and down in that beautiful shrubbery—and how the two of you sit together after dinner when you are alone, in that lovely seat—the Romeo and Juliet seat, Harry calls it—away down there by the old sundial in the Italian garden. How wonderful you are! There never was any one who understood so well as you what people feel when they are like—like Harry and me. Of course, you never could have understood if you hadn't been through it, too. And oh! isn't it simply a heaven-sent time? I do thank you. And I do thank Cousin John, too. How glad I am, you'll have him back to-morrow night! I should hate to be separated from Harry even for one day. I've made him promise he will never leave me. And I've been talking to him about... the future. I said, 'Harry, whatever happens, don't ever pretend to get accustomed to me. No man should ever get accustomed to his wife and think everything is smooth and dull and pleasant. Because it isn't, and, if it is, one or other of us will grow dreadfully unhappy.' That is why you and Cousin John are so happy. And yet you've never wandered out of your garden; you've never grown tired of it or 'accustomed' to one another. That's what I feel about ourselves. Right up to the end we shall always have things to find out about one another—right up to the end!"

Thereafter, and till evening fell, Jane Bury busied herself in solitude about the house and estate. More than once she came upon the lovers, and fled in a new shyness. And each time she was guilty of this innocent espionage she found it harder to return actively to the enterprise of the day. Thoughts of John Bury pressed upon her—foolish, dear, inexcusable thoughts. Whereat the little tasks in hand assumed a sudden and sensational significance. They were silly things in themselves, but if their execution were irradiated by the thought of John, if they were done for his pleasure—why, then!... She went to the stables and gave commands there, she consulted her gardeners, she gave orders for preserve-making, for pickling, for the weeding of shrubbery paths, the repainting of garden woodwork—and all the while her thoughts ran upon John-as-he-was and John-as-he-might-be in this garden of theirs. She found herself repeating some of the little tender phrases which she had overheard in her fittings past the bowers and bushes and knolls where the lovers, that week through, had met and held converse. At the last she could hear John's voice in some of the continually echoing phrases.

Rich silence hung over the manor garden, for the Boy and Girl had gone. Mrs. Bury was glad of it, for she wanted breathing time. She wanted to make John's house as beautiful as it could be made, for his home-coming. She longed to note the surprise in his face, the bewilderment at the change wrought in his surroundings in that short week. Roguishly she pictured his face gently shocked at first, then interested, and at the last tender and full of approval. He would say, "Why, you have changed all the furniture!" or "You've brought the garden wholesale into the house, my dear. What does Briggs think?" And they would laugh, and breakfast in the garden, and dine at a deliciously late hour, and after dinner they could perhaps go down to the lake, and he would say to her after long, wonderful silences, "Speak to me, dear," just as the Boy was wont to say to the Girl. But John might be too tired to-night, after a week of town, to go down to the lake. The Italian garden and the old green seat with its high back—that would be the place! They would sit there, and he would tell her of all the hopes and fears of the week and his contact with great men of other nations, and she—she would have the story of the Boy and Girl to tell, and then the fairy tale would be in swing, the Fairy Tale of Two who love one another through the summer hours! At one moment the day seemed an eternity, at another as if there would not be half time enough to do all that she planned.

A quarter of an hour before the incoming of the London "dinner train" she surveyed herself carefully in her room. Near by, on a table, was a photograph taken six weeks since, a portrait of the old Jane Bury. She laughed at it—shamefaced—and then looked in the glass. The Girl had changed the style of her hair, banished all her sterner, more utilitarian gowns, forbidden her to appear herself in aught except the most picturesque fashion, and had laid down rules for her guidance. These rules Jane had carefully followed. Her hair showed picturesque confusion, and a wreath of star flowers was set in it. The dinner gown was white, the one she had worn when she ran precipitately along the rhododendron avenue, to her embarrassment, that night a week ago. Her heart began to beat at the memory. But now it was no more in embarrassment, but because of the bare possibility that John's arms



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## ONE SUMMER'S DAY

(Continued from page 25)

might clasp her as those other arms had done.

She heard the wheels of the dogcart scrunching on the gravel, blushed furiously, and went downstairs.

John entered, kissed her pleasantly, asked after his horses and birds, and went up to dress for dinner.

"Did you expect any one to dine?" he asked as he ate.

She raised her eyebrows.

"I mean you've rigged yourself out so," he said, smiling.

"White is a change," said Jane timidly.

"Just as you like—you always do the right thing," answered John benevolently, and called for more ice in his bowl.

"It's ripe for rain," he remarked as the meal went on. "There's thunder about. How oppressive it is! And there'll be a very heavy dew."

After dinner he followed her into the drawing-room.

"Do you notice anything at all different, John?" she ventured.

"The house seems rather untidy," he said, after a pause for consideration: "I fear your care of those young people and the management of their affairs, to which you allude in your two letters, have rather taken up your time. But anyhow that is no excuse for Preston or Simpson. I really think, dear, you will have to give Simpson a little lecture. After all, it is the head housemaid's business to attend to the details of the rooms. I found frilled table-covers in my dressing-room, and all that. It is very industrious of Simpson to make these things, but I don't like them."

"It wasn't Simpson—" began Jane, but the words stuck in her throat.

"Then it must have been the girl under her, I suppose. You can see that the things are taken away without hurting her feelings."

Coffee came, and she put hers down untasted—as the girl had done a week before. Happiness was waiting at the gate—she felt sure of it—as it had waited for the girl only seven days since.

"What makes you so restless, Jane?" said John, as he slowly and carefully chose his cigar.

"It is the heat," said Jane in a low voice; "I can not stay indoors, I must go out."

"If you move your chair," answered wise John, "you'll feel a delicious air, not to say rather a powerful draught."

"I must go out," said foolish Jane again. She had risen to her feet and was trembling as she looked down upon John. "I can't go alone," she went on; "you must come with me, John. I shall stifle if I stay indoors."

John did not move.

"I thought I should just like a little quiet game of pa—" he began.

"You have all the evening for that, and tomorrow evening, and hundreds and hundreds of evenings," said Jane slowly. "It is so beautiful outside. We miss half the wonder of the summer by sitting indoors. Why, I don't believe we've ever seen our garden by moonlight!"

"There isn't a moon to-night," said John, puffing away.

"There are stars," said Jane desperately, and she stepped out on to the grass. Subterfuge, strategy, all the armament of the girl—would that she possessed a little of it! She caught at the only ruse which suggested itself.

"By the way," she said lightly, "that rain gauge of yours in the Italian garden—there's something wrong with it, I think. You ought to look at it before we have rain, don't you think?"

"Oh—ah, perhaps I'd better take a look. I'll go and put on some thicker shoes. Keep off the lawns, Jane," he called. "It's a very heavy dew, and, besides, the grass is full of those black rain slugs." But she heeded him not.

"Come down the rhododendron walk," she called, and ran ahead to wait and wait. Vexed at waiting, she went on at last to the green plot where the rain gauge was set. John was there with his trousers turned up, making investigations with a candle. She sank down into the "Romeo and Juliet seat," her feet soaked, her face burning, her heart throbbing with disappointment. The flowers poured out scent, and the stars looked down upon her through a haze.

"That's all right," said her husband cheerfully. "There's the distant thunder, by Jove! But it may hold off yet." A drop of rain splashed upon her hands.

"It is delicious out here on this seat," she said gently. "Come and sit here, John, and tell me all about yourself."

"It's rather bad for my sciatica," said John dubiously. "I think it would be safer to go in. Shall I send you a cloak?"

"No, thanks."

"Don't get wet, dear, that's all." He blew out the candle and returned to the house.

Into the corner of the curving, high-backed wooden seat, over which her loving fingers that afternoon had flung a rich Eastern fabric, shrank Jane. In her white dress, with the star flowers in her hair. Through the trees she could see the warm light in the room where John sat at his nightly game of patience. The paler flowers leaped out of the velvet greenery of the garden, the thunder muttered, the distant lightning played in broad sheets, while Happiness waited ever at the gate. Very soon the rain began. It fell in thick, straight lines, invisible now against the star-hiding murkiness of the night. It fell upon her hair, her shoulders, her knees, and every drop seemed to her a pellet of bruising lead.

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